# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1929

3D EVERY THURSDAY


STILL BLOOD ON THE COAL
By The Editor

WOMAN WHO FIGHTS FOR THE SEAMAN

THE CLOSING NET
By A.G.G.


Cocoa keeps better in a tin

When you buy your wartime packet of Bournville Cocoa, transfer the contents to an old Bournville tin—or any tin with a well-fitting lid. That's the best way to preserve Bournville Cocoa's rich aroma to the last spoonful.

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

RINSO IS A NO. 1 SOAP POWDER. 3½D. PACKET, 1 COUPON; 7D. PACKET, 2 COUPONS

Rinso soaks clothes clean in 12 minutes

SAVES TIME — SAVES CLOTHES — SAVES FUEL

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*This meal-time drink is a food as well*

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food—Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

**ROWNTREE'S COCOA**

*makes every meal go further*

**BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND**

All you have to do is to use Oxydol for your weekly wash. Because Oxydol, with its famous 'Busy Bubble' lather, gives you twice the washing per coupon. What's more, whites come sparkling white and coloureds bright as new! And by using Oxydol you make your clothes coupons spin out. For Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather washes clothes the safe, gentle way, so they last longer.

*3½d. size 1 coupon 7d. size 2 coupons*
*A Class 1 Product. At your shop*

REMEMBER This is the 1st week of Ration Period No. 12 (May 30 - June 5)

DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's *Helping Hand*. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

**GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE**

7½d

REFILLS 7d & 11½d (Including Purchase Tax) Prices U.K. only.

**NO MESS NO WASTE**

*the last brushful is as effective as the first*

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*Why not be* **AT YOUR BEST This Summer**

TO get the best out of Summer you must look fresh and vital and keep your sparkle through the longest day.

For keeping one healthy, youthful, and attractive, there's nothing like Bile Beans—the perfect tonic-laxative. One or two at bedtime each night cleanse the blood-stream, eliminate fat-forming wastes and rejuvenate the entire system.

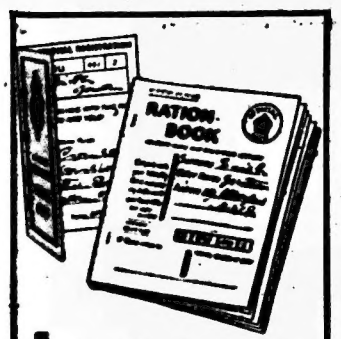
Start taking Bile Beans now and you'll look and feel your very best this Summer.

**BILE BEANS**

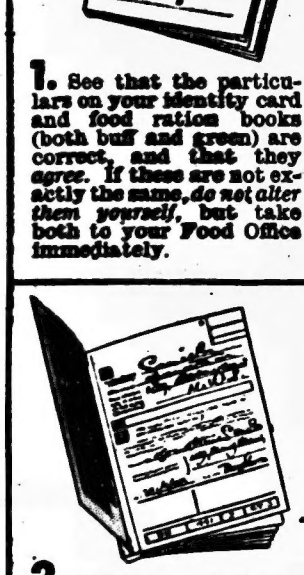
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD MF FOOD FACTS No. 151

# HOW TO GET YOUR NEW RATION BOOKS

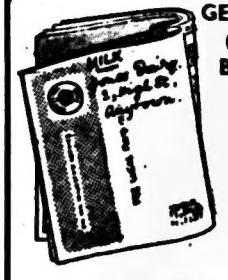
*CUT THIS OUT FOR REFERENCE*




**1.** See that the particulars on your identity card and food ration books (both buff and green) are correct, and that they *agree*. If these are not exactly the same, *do not alter them yourself*, but take both to your Food Office immediately.

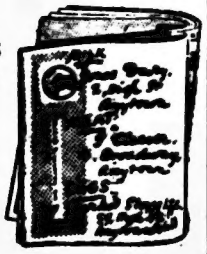


**2.** Fill in page 3 of your present ration book (the Reference Leaf, including Section Z. But *do not* cut out this page.



GENERAL (Buff) BOOK

CHILD'S (Green) BOOK



**3.** On page 4 of the General (buff) Book (the back of the Reference Leaf), write the name and address of your present Milk retailer. On page 4 of the Child's (green) Book, write the names and addresses of the child's present Milk, Meat, and Eggs retailers. Never mind the printing; write on top of it. *Do not take out the page.*

**4.** Make sure that page 36 of your present ration book has been properly filled in.

**5.** Look out for A.B.C. posters like this in local cinemas, post offices, food offices, etc., and for advertisements in your local papers. Opposite your initial you will see where you should call and when. *The office will be situated in your own food control area.* It's no use going to any other place, or at any other time, than that shown on the poster or advertisements.

The new books and cards will be prepared and issued in alphabetical order of surnames. If there are different surnames in your household, it will mean more than one visit, but less waiting when you get there.

A friend can go for you, but *only* at the time and place advertised for *your* surname.

**6.** Take your identity card and present ration book when you go for your new ones. You need not take personal points or clothing book. You will be given your new food ration book with personal points and cloth[illegible] book (bound together [illegible] detachable) and, if you are over 16, a new identity card.

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 5, 1943,*
*93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

**100% PROOF**

● **Time and again, when Servicemen have been discharged, our notoriously parsimonious Ministry of Pensions has said: "There's no evidence your trouble has been brought about or aggravated by service."**

**And, truly, there may not be. For the only record that can be produced is the medical history sheet.**

**And a lot of men are too afraid of the slur "medicine and duty" to report sick. Or, if battle is pending, too reluctant to let their pals think they are "dodging the column."**

**Very well, Servicemen. And your wives, mothers and sweethearts. If the Ministry wants evidence, let 'em have it.**

**Whenever you are injured or ill or find some old complaint aggravated by service—if you don't report sick, write and tell the folk at home.**

**And tell them to keep the letter.**

**Such letters have been held to be proof that injuries or illness were "caused or aggravated by service." And one day *you* may want that proof.**

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# COMING EVENTS

THE shadows lengthen. In every quarter of the globe there are signs of coming events, of the greatest military operations in all the turbulent history of Man.

In Europe, in Africa, Asia and America the clouds gather for the storm that soon must break. This summer's offensives will not be confined to the parched steppes of that sub-continent, Russia.

## Threat to Moscow

Certainly Hitler will try once more to drive across the broad plains towards Moscow and Stalingrad.

But his forces have been mauled. In the Prime Minister's robust phrase, their "heart and guts" have been torn out by our Soviet allies. Thus damaged, their offensive this year should be roughly one-third as fierce as their efforts in mid-1941 and 1942.

## Striking First

As a preliminary, they must first "iron out" the awkward bulges in their lines.

**But Stalin has been quicker to strike while the iron is hot. He has deepened the bulges; he has forced the enemy back; he has weakened the enemy's preparations for a sweeping thrust at Russia's vitals.**

## Trial of Strength

Can he maintain the initiative? He has rather more tanks than the Germans. His artillery is far superior. But the Red Air Force, for all its magnificent performance, is somewhat inferior in numbers to the Eastern Front *Luftwaffe*. And the Russian food situation is parlous.

## Will Japan Attack?

Yet Japan dare not seize this last opportunity. Should she attack on the Manchurian borders, Stalin would rise to the occasion. And he would get help from the United Nations' pool.

**Already, indeed, he is receiving vital aid from the Allies in his terrific combat with the Germans and their satellites.**

And not only in material supplies!

## R.A.F. Takes a Hand

We are helping him by reducing the *Luftwaffe*. And that support will increase in the coming weeks.

Most of the enemy's fighter strength is tied down on the Western Front. One by one, his centres of war production are being razed. Ruthlessly, his transport lines are being uprooted.

Indirectly, too, our aerial onslaught is sapping his resistance.

## We Remember

We shall not slacken the muscles of our air arm for all the daily appeals of Spanish newspapers and for all the whining of the Italian radio.

Our attacks are directed, not at the civilian population, but at vital war objectives.

*Incidentally, should not our propaganda services drive home this point in answer to Rome's allegations of "inhuman warfare"?*

## Showing Fight

In the Mediterranean, the *Luftwaffe* is at last showing fight. Not so the Italian air force.

Perhaps that force, like the remnants of the Italian navy, is being hoarded by the Duce as a last bulwark against invasion! Certainly it is significant that he is bringing home his armies from occupied countries and the Russian front.

## Daily Dose

His outward defences, Sardinia and Sicily, are being pounded by day and night. We are thus softening the hard core of Italy itself, for the plains of the mainland offer no real chance of successful resistance to invasion.

None the less, let us beware of underrating the Italians as fighters.

## Fillip to Morale

They fought better than the Germans in the last stage of the Tunisian battle. They will fight even more stubbornly in defence of their homes.

**And we know, by our own experience that bombing of industrial cities does not weaken but hardens morale.**

## Getting Ready

Will Italy have to suffer invasion by our troops after this assault by the air? It would be unwise to say. Suffice it that, according to enemy reports, Eisenhower and Alexander are regrouping their armies for the next phase.

But the Axis has another cause for concern.

Turkey is stiffening—and behind Turkey, in the bases of Cyprus, Syria, Persia and Iraq, the British 9th and 10th Armies are being heavily reinforced by Americans—again according to Axis reports.

## Pleasing China

Farther east, our Chinese friends are satisfied with the results of the Washington conference.

That, however, should arouse no false hopes.

**We cannot attempt any large-scale action against Japan until the autumn.**

## Plain Picture

Meanwhile, we must get the picture in perspective.

The Japanese hold a great segment of the globe—pretty nearly from the Arctic to Australia. They have captured vast hoards of the raw materials of war. They have an immensely powerful army.

## The Other Side

But thirty Japanese divisions are pinned to the Russian frontier. The Japanese navy has sustained the most crushing losses that any wishful thinker could have imagined.

China has resisted successfully even when cut off from the rest of the world, though her endurance must steadily wane unless we can come to her assistance.

## Centre-piece

Of all these sectors along the World Front, the British Isles may well prove the most important during the coming months.

Here we have assembled the biggest army in our two thousand years of history. There is no secret about that. Nor is it any secret, now, that when Mr. Churchill addressed the miners six months ago we had some 12,000 tanks in Britain—and presumably we have more to-day, besides incredible quantities of guns and shells and bombs.

## When?

How soon shall we use them? The answer may be seen in a glance at the calendar.

June has dawned. Not many months of fighting weather remain if we are to attempt the conquest of Europe this year.

## Battle of the Atlantic

Our designs should be encouraged by the invigorating breeze from the Atlantic.

**More and bigger convoys are reaching our shores—with hardly a vessel lost. Whereas the U-boats are being sunk in surprising numbers.**

## Time to Go

Therefore, the barometer for us is Set Fair. It is time for us to achieve mighty changes not only in the international situation but at home.

The British people are demanding Reform—and will not be denied. For many of them, no doubt, the Labour Party's Whitsun conference will voice their calls for a fairer, saner social order and a Britain that will at once be healthier and more prosperous.

## Unity on the Left

The Communists appeal for affiliation will be voted down. They will be told, break up your organisation and join the Labour Party as individual members.

But why not give some inducement to break it up?

The Communists have a vested interest in maintaining their organisation. Could not Transport House offer to take over the "Comrades" staff and other assets?

## Broad Outline

Communists, Liberals and enlightened Tories alike should find much in the Labour programme to welcome and support.

A national medical service—though the details should be open to amendment. Post-war relief in Europe. Reform of Local Government. Better education. Housing and town planning—all these needs should be pressed upon the Government.

## Waiting for Beveridge

For the Government has been slow to honour its pledges. We are still waiting for the Beveridge Scheme. There is no sign that the Uthwatt Report is to be carried out in its entirety.

**So, meanwhile, the plans for rebuilding London and other blitzed cities are held up. Meanwhile, too, millions of fighting men and arms workers and the rest of us are becoming despondent and disappointed.**

## Losing Time

Thus the Cabinet is wasting precious time. What is worse, it is losing good will.

There is time yet, in this year, to open up great new military endeavours and to embark on the less costly journey to a New and Greater Britain.

**Both should be attempted. For both hold promise of triumphant success.**

*(Continued overleaf)*


**"JOHN BULL'S"**
**FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE**
***Underwritten at LLOYD'S***
OVER
**£80,000 ALREADY PAID!**

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

## STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

HANDICAPPED as they are by labour shortage and bad housing, our farmers have done the trick.

The Ministry of Agriculture says they've increased the yield of our land by 70 per cent., that they've nearly doubled our vegetable production. Now, they're producing about two-thirds of our total food requirements.

### Good Earth

The dairy farmers haven't been left behind. They've increased the output of milk to meet a demand that has risen by a third since 1939.

Britain, in fact, is like a vast allotment these days. Spick and span. Productive. A rural battlefield as important as Tunisia.

### Puzzling Letter

There's been a grand response already to the farmers' appeal for help in getting in the results of their work. Townsfolk are ready to do their bit.

But, unfortunately, we've been hearing of cases where their offers have been in vain. A Worthing reader—a woman—is puzzled by a letter she got from the Chichester War Agricultural Committee. So are we.

### Workers in Plenty?

The letter came after she had offered her services on a farm.

*"Thank you for your offer to help during your holidays," it said, "but it is almost impossible to find accommodation on farms, and at the moment we have no applications for part-time assistance."*

We know accommodation is lacking. Other authorities have thought of ways round that. Are the farmers in West Sussex blessed with workers galore?

### The Great Mix-Up

The good news about our food crops doesn't extend to our ration books. The great muddle turned out to be a fine example of a scheme that worked on paper and nowhere else.

The Ministry of Food produced a first-class book and then spoiled the whole thing because some official had the brilliant idea that "centralisation of distribution" would save labour.

### Public Anger

That apparently meaningless phrase unfortunately meant only too much.

It meant the waste of hundreds of thousands of working hours and more public irritation than anything else has produced in three and a half years of war red-tape.

# We're Winning on Land—An Official Blind Eye—Promises Instead of Shoes

### Sorry, Too Late!

As soon as its hand was forced, the Ministry certainly did its best to put things right.

Local authorities were told "to use their common-sense" in getting the books out. But by then it was too late. The Ministry couldn't refund bus fares to people who had to travel up to fifteen miles for their books. It couldn't make up the days of production lost in the munition factories.

### What He Missed

It wasn't any good for Mr. Mabane, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry, to tour London and the Home Counties on the second day of distribution and report that he'd seen only one queue.

He didn't go to Lewisham where four hundred people were packed at one time in the Council Chamber with a handful of chairs between them.

### Waiting for Hours

Crowds of others couldn't even get in the room: they stood on the steps outside and in the main hall. Many had to wait three and a half hours. An elderly woman fainted, lost her turn, and was left with the prospect of going through it all again.

That was on the day Mr. Mabane made his tour.

### Lesson to Learn

There's no point in quoting other—and even worse—cases of hardship. They've come in to us from many parts of the country.

Now the local authorities have taken things largely into their own hands.

In the meantime, there's only one possibility of good coming from the mix-up. The Ministry of Food, and all the other Ministries as well, *may* have learnt a lesson.

Let every other official who thinks of things like "centralisation of distribution" remember that the ration book queues caused stronger feeling than anything since the blitzes.

### Men to Spare

To staff a few sub-offices the Ministry of Food might have borrowed some men from the Ministry of Pensions. They seem to have a surplus there. . . .

A widow of seventy-eight—the grandmother of a JOHN BULL reader—recently had her pension raised to 16s. a week. Soon after two officials called on her and carried out a minor "inquisition."

### Costly Economy

**The result was a formal intimation that 6d. a week would be taken off the pension. The two officials must have spent a whole day making their inquiries because the old lady lives in the country. Their travelling expenses couldn't have been less than 15s.**

**It will take thirty weeks to make up that amount in the paltry deduction from the grandmother's allowance.**

### Fitter Elsewhere

Apart from the meanness of this Civil Service determination to stick to the regulations, the waste of manpower is appalling. Even so, it's scarcely as bad as another case this week. . . .

One of our readers was called up in December, 1940, to be an engine fitter in the R.A.F. Instead, he was immediately given treatment for rheumatism and put on clerical work for six months.

### 2,000 miles in Vain

Then, judged fit for overseas service, he was sent to Canada. He was under treatment throughout the trip and went straight into hospital when he got there.

They thought he should go to another hospital 200 miles away. He did, was considered incurable and sent back.

His next trip—to an inland hospital—took him more than 2,000 miles.

### Still "Excused"

At the end of last year he came back to this country recommended for discharge as unfit for service.

His travels weren't over. He was sent 200 miles to the north of England.

Now he's back in the Home Counties, still being treated, still excused duty, still waiting for a medical board to decide that it would be more economical for a sick man of thirty-eight to return to civilian life.

### Paper Work—

It's bad enough for one man to be badgered and frustrated like this, but as everyone in the Services knows, such a case involves a dozen or so others in worthless "paper work."

Not that the Services are the only offenders over "paper work." Here's a "brief" for Sir Stafford Cripps, King's Counsel, and head of the Ministry of Aircraft Production. . . .

### —For a Month

His Ministry ordered a firm to take two extra vertical milling machines. The firm didn't want them, but asked another department of the Ministry when it could expect delivery.

The answer was that at least a month's "paper work" would have to be got through before the machines arrived.

### Rooms Kept Empty

From waste of time let's switch for a moment to waste of living space. Not the sort the Nazis used to clamour about, but the sort our own people at home need so urgently.

One of Cambridge's biggest hotels now keeps whole floors empty. The town is overcrowded and visitors on war duties are turned away every day.

The hotel people say they can't get labour or food.

**At an East Coast resort the beach is banned to all residents. The military commander in the area regrets that it's impossible to grant the use of even a small stretch of sand.**

**Yet on any sunny afternoon you'll see women and children on the banned beach.**

**The military police don't interfere. They can't very well because the favoured few are officers' families.**

### Hand Them Over!

**Their real trouble is a determination not to put themselves out in any way if it only means paying excess profits tax.**

**Hotel-keepers can't be compelled to let their rooms, but they can be compelled to hand them over to authorities who can use them.**

### "On the Way"

Whenever the President of the Board of Trade is told that a shortage of this or that is causing unnecessary hardship he always seems to have the same answer.

"We're taking steps to produce more," he says, "in fact they're on the way." It was like that with cycle batteries, alarm clocks and crockery. Now it's children's shoes.

### Not Impressed

It's all very well being told that footwear for grown-ups is being cut down, that thirty million pairs of kiddies' shoes are being turned out a year.

It doesn't impress the harassed mother who sees lots of fashionable shoes for women in the shops and hardly a pair for her child.

### Paying the Price

A London reader has little confidence in the regulations to stop profiteering in second-hand goods.

Dealers calling at his house have offered him £2 15s. for a sewing machine that cost 39s. 6d. new, and £8 10s. for a desk which cost £4 10s. seven years ago.

These dealers have their profits to make. How can they pretend to sell at fair prices?

### Missing Seeds

**A big flower racket is on the way—unless something is done to stop it.**

**Flower seeds have almost vanished from the shops. They haven't been bought up by the usual customers—the man who wants a bit of colour in a corner of his war time garden. They've been bought and cornered by racketeers.**

### Ransom Money

**These people intend to make a fortune out of the sale of locally grown blooms in every part of the country. Any more Government restrictions on transport of flowers will be just the thing they want.**

**They'll be able to hold the country to ransom for a few months only, for by next Spring the seed merchants will be able to put supplies for everyone into the shops.**

**But there will be tremendous profiteering in the meantime.**

### Money in Willow

**An early sign: dealers are calling at houses offering to buy the willow in the front garden. Ten shillings is offered for each sizeable tree they can strip of "pussy willow" next Spring.**

**A few months ago they were able to get 2s. 6d. for a few sprigs worth a copper or so before the war. Next year the prices will soar again.**

## BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Demobilisation of two classes of Spanish troops in Africa shatters German hopes that they may yet obtain Spanish collaboration against the Allies.**
- *German island garrisons in the Mediterranean are jittery lest they should be left in the lurch like the Afrika Korps. Reinforcements dispatched to some of the islands have said farewell to friends and relatives, whom they never expect to see again.*
- Reduction of meat ration in Germany is first hint that, in spite of Goering's recent boast, Germans will have to cut down severely.
- **Nazi party officials have sworn to avenge themselves on General von Unruh, the German Army's representative in the manpower commission.**
- *On Unruh's advice, three big Nazi organisations have been closed down and its officials called up for military service.*



WITHOUT FEAR O

# STI

COAL production is more. Again h danger that our s will be weakened a Such is Mr. Church miners.

Never before has a P man-to-man message to ev industry—and that in itse of the situation.

"I appeal to you per your tools in the mines, to men-in-arms, to stand soli to cut more coal."

*We can be sure that not be unheeded. But it rest of us thought about*

For the coal of Britai blood.

On the very day that exhortation was issued, a a newspaper said simply:

"Pit roof fall killed t worth, Northumberland."

Other papers did not item. Not because of callo cause of the scarcity of spa papers.

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ONLY a few weeks ago th Power announced jubi Gap of 11,000,000 ton Immediately afterward anxiety at the "recent fall Let us, therefore, exam before criticism is uttered gested.

First, we must realise men in the industry than a output is now 100,000 tons But, to be fair, it shou there are far fewer men in war broke out.

Five years ago the indu wage-earners. The figure And, in those *five* year *per man* has been so small figure" which can only be points!

**Of course, even that li a big loss when multiplied of men at the coal-face. alarm.**

As the Select Committe duction will fall sharply more miners are released transferred from other ind

For to-day there are the industry than ever befo

Foolishly, the Governme the young and strongest year it has tried to replace t but these strangers are eit men.

The skilled men left are, aged or old. And, according are growing tired in this fou

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

# STILL BLOOD ON THE COAL

COAL production is slipping back once more. Again has come the ugly danger that our strokes at the enemy will be weakened and hampered.

Such is Mr. Churchill's warning to the miners.

Never before has a Prime Minister sent a man-to-man message to every worker in a great industry—and that in itself stresses the gravity of the situation.

"I appeal to you personally, fighting with your tools in the mines, to think of your country-men-in-arms, to stand solidly behind them, and to cut more coal."

*We can be sure that so urgent a plea will not be unheeded. But it is also time that the rest of us thought about the miners.*

For the coal of Britain is still stained with blood.

On the very day that the Prime Minister's exhortation was issued, a two-line paragraph in a newspaper said simply:

"Pit roof fall killed three miners at Backworth, Northumberland."

Other papers did not bother to report the item. Not because of callousness. Not even because of the scarcity of space in war time newspapers.

But because such an event is so common, so frequent, as hardly to justify the description of "news."

**More than one in five of our miners are killed or injured every year—a casualty rate much higher than that so far sustained by the Armed Forces!**

**Yet it is rarely mentioned when the big problem of production is discussed.**

Indeed, the facts are never presented as a whole. The Government nags in one breath and croons a lullaby in the next; we are treated to half-truths and promised piecemeal measures.

ONLY a few weeks ago the Minister of Fuel and Power announced jubilantly that "the Coal Gap of 11,000,000 tons had been closed."

Immediately afterwards, he confessed to anxiety at the "recent fall in output."

Let us, therefore, examine the full picture before criticism is uttered and remedies suggested.

First, we must realise that, with 5,000 more men in the industry than a year ago, the weekly output is now 100,000 tons less.

But, to be fair, it should also be said that there are far fewer men in the pits than when war broke out.

Five years ago the industry mustered 781,672 wage-earners. The figure to-day is 712,500.

And, in those *five* years, the fall in *output per man* has been so small as to be a "miserly figure" which can only be expressed in decimal points!

**Of course, even that little bit less becomes a big loss when multiplied by all the numbers of men at the coal-face. Hence the present alarm.**

As the Select Committee has reported, production will fall sharply next autumn unless more miners are released from the Services or transferred from other industries.

For to-day there are more elderly men in the industry than ever before.

Foolishly, the Government called-up most of the young and strongest miners. In the last year it has tried to replace them by newcomers—but these strangers are either lads or unskilled men.

The skilled men left are, in the main, middle-aged or old. And, according to their leaders, they are growing tired in this fourth year of war conditions. One mining official, indeed, says that nine out of ten of them are distressed at the end of a shift.

Can they be fortified by more food? This question, too, must be faced frankly.

**According to Mr. George Griffiths, M.P., miners are suffering from strain caused partly "by the fact that the food they get is not up to the standard required to enable them to carry on their very arduous job."**

Glowing pictures of pithead canteens have been painted by official spokesmen.

But these canteens cater for less than half the men employed. Moreover, it must be admitted that many miners have not taken kindly to them.

Somehow, then, we must cater for the man who insists on a midday meal prepared by his wife, and who prefers to go home in the evening to his main meal "with the kids."

Next, there is the problem of absenteeism.

Major Lloyd George himself has said: "It is ridiculous for anyone to suggest that all but a small minority are not pulling their weight."

Certainly it is a fact that the absentee rate is lower in the coalfields than in many other industries.

*And critics would also do well to remember that nearly half the miners are exceeding their targets and earning a bonus for doing so—which could hardly be the case if slacking were general.*

None the less, miners still have grievances—and men labouring under a sense of injustice are not always likely to work their utmost.

One complaint is that some rates for coal-cutting were fixed fifty years ago.

Another, that the rates of compensation for injuries are far too low.

At one Yorkshire colliery, it is alleged, tired miners coming up from the pit had to stand about for three or four hours to await wage adjustments. In consequence, there was a two-day strike.

And, as a further result, one thousand of the miners were marched to the police court last week on charges of absenteeism!

Such methods do not make for contentment among the men.

There has been trouble, moreover, because arbitration methods have sometimes appeared to favour the owners. Above all, the new method of control is not working well.

Private ownership but public control of the mines may have seemed an excellent compromise. In practice, it has not allayed the men's suspicion that there is one law for the owners and another for the miners.

"Slackers" among the men have been sent to jail. But who ever hears of a lazy management being prosecuted for hampering the war effort?

Yet, of course, there are some lazy and stiff-necked managements just as there are some idle and obstinate "workers."

Moreover, managers have been officially encouraged to forgo repairs and concentrate on immediate production.

**With the result that worn-out equipment is now causing production hold-ups—and does nothing to reduce the accident rate.**

**Such causes for resentment may explain, though not excuse, the "frivolous" strikes which the miners' leaders are the first to condemn.**

They can be ended. They must be ended.

APPEALS to the public to economise on coal, appeals to the miners to produce more coal, are both necessary.

But even more essential is it that the Government should be constructive in its handling of the problem.

Mine managers as well as the miners should be controlled by the regional boards—not by the owners who employ them and whom they dare not offend.

**A widespread and determined drive must be made to improve mining methods and replace old-fashioned equipment.**

**Extra rations of meat, butter, cheese and bacon must be given to the hewers—even if office workers have to make do with a little less in consequence.**

There must be immediate revision of out-of-date price rates and compensation scales.

And, not less urgent, greater provision must be made for Safety-First measures.

For let us all remind ourselves that there is blood on the coal still!

## *You Can't Ask a Man to Work Now!*

THIS is a story so unbelievable that you will find it hard to credit that it actually happened.

But a JOHN BULL representative himself heard the conversation described, and if the Ministry of Labour desires any further particulars it can have them.

* * *

Munitions manufacturer to the manager of his local Employment Exchange: "There is a skilled engineer working in his garden not far from here. All he does is tend his garden. Can I have him?"

Manager: "How old is he?"

Munitions manufacturer: "Fifty-one—and a very fit fifty-one."

Manager: "If he is over fifty we have no power to order his attendance here. I am afraid you cannot employ him through us."

Manufacturer: "Can I look to you for an introduction?"

Manager: "I am sorry, but you can't. If he is over fifty-one, we can't concern ourselves in him at all."

Manufacturer (whose factory produces aeroplane fuselages, but is now primarily concerned with ammunition): "Well, perhaps I ought to approach him myself."

Manager: "This is difficult. He is an engineer. I regret having to tell you, but you have no right whatsoever to approach him. It is illegal."

Manufacturer: "That makes things more difficult. You can't approach him. I can't approach him. And I want engineers badly. All that remains is for me to advertise in the local paper for an engineer, aged fifty-one, and trust that he sees the advertisement."

* * *

Manager: "I am afraid that even your last alternative must fail. You are not even permitted to advertise for him. It isn't allowed."

"So there's nothing I can do?"

"Nothing."

Now we hope that nothing in that conversation reflects on the Employment Exchange manager. Employers and workers alike have golden opinions of him.

He has the unenviable job of having to stand to be shot at by manufacturers who are hungry for labour.

* * *

Angry manufacturers do not penetrate far into Whitehall, where the real responsibility rests. . . .

Meanwhile, the ranks of all engineers between twenty and twenty-five are being dredged for technical-officer material — and good officers they should make.

But who's to replace them?

If an engineer's not too old to be an Army officer at forty-five, he's surely not too old to be a civilian engineer at fifty-one.

And the biggest insult of all to the "unwanteds" of over fifty is this: While they have been treated as useless, mental deficients have actually been released from mental institutions on probation to help in war industries!

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

# £7,000 a Year: Why Envy It?

LORD HEMINGFORD'S disclosure in the House of Lords that the head cloakroom waiter in a London hotel receives £140 a week in tips may have surprised some peers. It does not surprise me.

I knew the head waiter at one of England's best known provincial hotels. Every night before the war a luxurious chauffeur-driven car came to take him home.

He had two sons at a famous public school. He lived in an imposing home. He owned a farm, much other property.

★ ★ ★

I reckoned his income at £5,000 a year. How much of that he paid tax on was a matter between himself and his conscience.

His reward for his services was stupidly extravagant. But he paid for it.

He fawned on his best customers, flattered them, treated them with a nauseating courtesy and deference.

I disliked the man. I dislike tipping, and on the whole I dislike those I tip.

The custom is detestable. It is anti-social. It is a slur on the freedom and independence of men and women.

To-day, as the tide of easy money rolls ever more strongly to the spending classes, tipping has reached new high levels. Sixpences for cloakroom attendants have given way to florins and half-crowns

Taxicab drivers, once content with threepenny tips on short journeys, receive such a tip now with open scorn.

★ ★ ★

Easy money breeds greed for still more easy money. Subservience which comes of tipping embitters both men and women.

What surprises me is that all the tipable people don't rise in their anger and demand the right of fair stable wages.

On the other hand, such is human nature, many of them may prefer the present system despite its defects. Many, maybe, are ever hopeful that some day one of those coveted jobs worth £7,000 a year will be theirs.

I always feel sorry for the tipable workers. Yet I know that often I tip men who are a darn sight better off than I am. And I feel that behind the pleasant, suave mask which is the outward sign of deference, there is as much contempt for me as I have for them.

Until we have a perfectly ordered and socially just mode of living, the bad habit of tipping will persist.

People who like to show off will always tip on the grand scale.

People who believe they are entitled to better service and better treatment than others, will always be ready to pay for that preferential treatment.

I envy neither the big tippers nor the men who receive the big tips.

You can pay too high a price for money, especially easy money—and one of the prices which I should have to pay is a lost sense of manhood and the right to work in aggressive independence.

# OPEN LETTERS

### Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, P.C., President of the Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Judged by the miserable standards of Continental Europe this island of ours is a paradise of comparative plenty.

Gallant men have kept open the sea lines along which much of our food must come; toiling farmers are producing more and more from the good British earth.

We are fortunate. But it is wise to remember that only a short flight from our shores mothers see their children slowly starve to death; and men sell honour and virtue to get food—any food—for themselves and their families.

As you point out, one of the first duties of the United Nations on the morrow of victory will be to feed the millions who for years have hungered in their Nazi-raped countries.

**And I am glad and proud that British delegates attending the international conference on post-war problems, now being held in America, have proposed the creation of a world food pool as a buffer against situations arising from surpluses and shortages.**

Hunger has provoked more riots and revolutions than any zeal for social reform. Free the peoples of the world from the fear of want, and peace, when it comes, will get a flying start.—JOHN BULL.

### Mr. P. J. NOEL-BAKER, M.A., M.P., Ministry of War Transport

DEAR SIR.—Road traffic reform in Britain is long overdue, and I welcome the news that your Ministry is far advanced with its plans for providing new motorways throughout the country and segregating fast motor traffic.

You estimate that by speeding up road travel time equivalent to £25,000,000 a year would be saved.

**Such statistics, even in practice, let alone theory, don't impress me. I'm not so much interested in saving time as in saving lives.**

Road casualties to-day are shocking. Before a campaign for new and faster roads is launched I would much prefer a campaign for safer and better organised road traffic. Too much life is being lost to-day for us to tolerate the thought of heavy toll of life on peace-time roads.—JOHN BULL.

### Col. HAROLD MITCHELL, M.P., Vice-President, the Conservative Party

DEAR SIR,—The aeroplane in the last few years has become a dreaded, sinister visitant. It brought death and destruction to our cities and now it is winging the German skies like an avenging fury.

That is the fault of man, not of the aeroplane. After the war great new machines, built for passenger and freight air transport, will link the nations more closely than was thought possible even four years ago.

The Commonwealth of Nations must play its part in developing these vast arterial airways. And your suggestion that an Imperial conference should prepare, if possible this year, a comprehensive system of inter-Empire air transport is one which must commend itself to all Commonwealth leaders.

But the air is international; and our efforts to plan and develop post-war aviation should extend beyond Empire routes.

**Britain has the workshops, the craftsmen, the designers and the pilots to lead aviation in peace as she has led it in war.**

**She has the landing fields, the nucleus of an unrivalled service, and the advantage of being the best springboard between the old world and the new.**

"Britain, the airport of the globe," is a slogan you might care to adopt for the future. It is offered free by JOHN BULL.

MR. JACK TANNER

### Mr. JACK TANNER, President, Amalgamated Engineering Union

DEAR SIR.—You have listened not unmoved I hope, to the arguments put forward by women members of your union for equal pay with men for equal work.

You heard it made clear that women resent being exploited in the labour market under the cover of the national war effort.

Not only are these women toiling on heavy, dirty jobs for just over a shilling an hour—they are even accused of flaunting their newly acquired wealth, walking around in fur coats and drinking cocktails.

If the women who responded so whole-heartedly to Britain's call when the Hitlerian shadow was strong over this land were earning such big money it would be no concern of anybody's how they spent it.

**But they just don't make it. And one reason they don't get it is the fact that the men-run trades unions even now, I suspect, regard their help as a temporary but necessary evil.**

Your union is rich, powerful, influential. You, I believe, are progressive. A job well done is a job worth rewarding.

And if you and your executive can get for these women the equality they so justly demand, you will not only help to speed up production, but you will kill a lot of stupid sex antagonism which should not exist.—JOHN BULL.

### Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, M.P. for Epsom and Ewell

DEAR SIR,—Like you, I view with deep concern the way officialdom controls the private, commercial and industrial life of the nation.

But I can scarcely agree with the statement you made at the Conservative Party conference that the hardest task for politicians and statesmen after the war will be to lift the shackles of bureaucracy from the shoulders of the people.

I grant that to-day there are hundreds of thousands of irritating officials strongly entrenched in positions of authority. They will fight for those positions to the last inch of red tape.

They will clamour for the retention of this, that or the other control after the war. They will want to documentate us from the cradle to the grave, pry into our personal secrets, and keep us as ciphers.

**They won't. Be assured of that. There may be still in this country people so lacking in vision that they expect a repetition of what happened after 1918.**

But *after the war* in Britain there will be millions of men and women with new conceptions of life and living. They will have helped to crush the most evil tyranny in history.

And it is certain that they will not tolerate the petty tyrants of bureaucracy. In these millions of ordinary people, not in politicians, lies our hope.—JOHN BULL.

### Air Chief Marshal Sir ARTHUR HARRIS, C-in-C., Bomber Command

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—You and your pilots have delivered the first 100,000 tons of bombs on Germany. The second 100,000 tons are on their way.

The question has been often debated whether or not bombing alone can win the war. No one knows—not even, may I suggest, you.

But the world knows the shattering effect of such brilliant work as the blowing up of the great Ruhr dams, and the devastating 2,000-ton raid on ill-starred Dortmund.

What you *do* know is the growing strength of the Bomber Commands of Britain and U.S.A.; and what you *can* visualise is the terrible nature of the air raids yet to be directed against the enemy.

Mr. Churchill, in his Washington broadcast, said: "As to whether air power alone can win the war. . . . At least, it is well worth trying. . . Certainly there is no harm in trying."

No harm, of course, except to Hitler's already overb.. lened and dislocated war machine. No harm except to those Germans who once so blindly took Goering's word that not a single enemy bomb would reach the Ruhr.

Your second 100,000, dropped in months instead of years, may well prove the most potent factor in bringing Germany to her knees.—JOHN BULL.

*P.S.—I, and many others, are looking forward now to the first 3,000-ton raid. Going to be long?*

★ She isn't a national idol. She had to fight officialdom and vested interests. But she won—and thus prevented hundreds of torpedoed seamen from drowning. Now she has far-reaching plans that everyone in Britain should support

# She Saves Hundreds of Men's Lives

*For hours their numbed fingers have gripped the raft that at last has been sighted by a friendly vessel. However mountainous the seas, castaways have a reasonable chance of being sighted—thanks to a woman whose name is still almost unknown*

**FORGOTTEN MEN OF THE SEA.—No. 3**

★

By WARREN ARMSTRONG

*Late Engineer Officer (Merchant Navy)*

MAYBE this year; maybe next. Maybe not before 1945. But it'll come, as surely as it came in 1920. And it'll be much the same as then—unless you and I do something to secure that it *won't!*

A document will be produced, suitably tied with red tape, and it will record the Government's "thanks for services rendered to the national cause by the merchant seamen."

If anyone wants to know how far mere words will get those men, they couldn't do better than ask the old-timers who managed to survive the last struggle with Germany, who lived through the heartbreak years of 1919 to 1939 and who, to a man, went *back* to serve you and me in September, 1939.

There was one old-timer I used to know. . . .

Late in the forenoon the old freighter he was in developed engine trouble, and because of that the speed of the convoy had to be reduced. At precisely two bells in the second Dog Watch there was an ear-splitting explosion.

A U-boat fled into the cover of the night. It had scored a direct hit.

Within thirty minutes the old freighter had settled by the head. Less than half a mile away a second ship, a big tanker, was burning like all hell.

But her steel lifeboats had been lowered away in good order and her crew were driving them towards a spreadeagled group of little red lights which, now ahead, now to port and starboard, now high on unseen hillocks of seas, or down deep in valleys between wave crests, were burning steadily, without a flicker.

Each light represented one merchant seaman; each light was clipped by a neat metal grip to his kapoc waistcoat, his collar, sometimes to his hair . . . and, one by one, those little red glows stopped their heaving as the wearer was lifted to safety in the steel lifeboat. . . .

*All but one of them made the safety of the tanker's boats. The one who never reached safety had his light clipped to a well-worn balaclava helmet, which was on the head of my old-timer friend.*

On his back he carried a half-drowned pantry boy, but the old chap was very near the end. "Cast off, m'son, and swim for it. I'm done. I'm—goin'—below. Good luck—and God—bless—" the old voice trailed off and was lost. In a few minutes they picked up the boy—alone.

### Impressive Roll

On March 1, 1943, at a lunch, the Minister of War Transport told an audience: "Loss of life in rafts and lifeboats amounts to less than 2 per cent., and once away from a torpedoed ship a man is well on the way to safety.

"In five cases out of six survivors are picked up within twenty-four hours. Great progress has been made. The seamen's lifejacket and his red lamp for night rescue have proved their worth."

But he forgot one point he should have told his listeners; he forgot to give credit where it is *overdue.* He forgot to mention the woman who was mainly responsible for methods which have saved the lives of hundreds of our gallant seamen—Bridget Talbot, O.B.E.

When the last war ended she knew that Britain had lost 2,000 vitally valuable merchant ships and, with them, nearly 15,000 seamen.

So, in those dark days between 1920 and 1934, she spent every available moment attending meetings of all political Parties, warning Britain through them of our vast danger if we completely lost our sea and our air power.

**She had secured first-hand experience of the sea life by serving before the mast in a windjammer, and on one memorable occasion nearly lost her life in a great gale that raged off the Scandinavian coast.**

It was, in fact, on that particular voyage that she made a mental note of the utter absence of the Red Ensign in those Far Northern waters, and she asked herself why, when our own seamen had come so perilously near starvation.

There were reasons a-plenty: freights had dropped right out of the bottom of the shipping industry; ships were being scrapped; seamen were being scrapped.

### Bought for Ruin

Financial interests were buying up British shipyards *in order to put them out of production;* shipwrights and craftsmen from a dozen trades dependent upon merchant shipping prosperity were drifting aimlessly about Britain in their thousands, seeking the barest means of existence. *Britain was being driven from the sea' lanes,* notably by Japanese, Italian and German cheap competition! Bridget Talbot decided to fight. . . .

Her unseen army, who knew nothing of her activities, were the men of the Merchant Navy. Her opponents were the short-sighted politicians, the vested interests, those pre-war "experts" with their parsimonious "policies" towards our seamen and our ships. **And her banner was the old red duster!**

She collected reports, headed a deputation to the House of Commons, persuaded Ramsay MacDonald to insert into the King's Speech this sentence: **"Secure the maintenance of a mercantile marine adequate for the needs of the country."**

But, despite everything, the vested interests saw that nothing was done. And the clouds of war drew nearer.

In her smaller battles, Bridget Talbot did better. She won her fights for rafts, for red lights, for lifesaving kapoc waistcoats, and, most recently, for *steel* lifeboats.

### Whitehall Said "No"

It wasn't easy. Against the red lights officialdom had a lot of criticisms—the whole idea was "utterly impracticable . . . salt water would corrode the batteries and all that sort of thing."

Bridget Talbot retorted: "Then why not make the entire thing seawaterproof?" More official frowns. But, in the end, she won the day. She forced her idea upon the Government, and the little red light became official issue.

Her story could be continued almost indefinitely. She intends fighting on. Her ultimate aim is to organise in Britain and the British Commonwealth a world-wide scheme designed to safeguard our Merchant Navy, our ships and our seamen.

She visualises a Commonwealth League of Shipping which, after this war, would secure for Britain a place on the High Seas.

She wants to see a link-up between sea and air services for the Commonwealth, so that it would provide a solidly organised source of employment for Britons. That is her main idea.

How far are *you* interested in the post-war future of our seamen? Does it matter to you, personally, whether or not these men get a square deal when this war over the forces of evil is won?

**There is but one decent and logical reward for the supreme sacrifices the men of the Merchant Navy have made, are making, and will go on making for you and for me until we've won.**

Between us we have to secure for these men the post-war conditions of employment to which they are entitled. That, and nothing else!

## WAR BUGGY TAKES TO WATER

THE Jeep has learned to swim!

Having put the "all" into all-purpose vehicles, this ubiquitous war buggy, not content with penetrating impenetrable jungle and passing over impassable roads, can now bridge unbridged rivers.

Built on the original Jeep chassis, the new amphibian, charging across difficult country on its puncture-proof tyres and finding a deep, wide and swift-flowing river barring its progress, doesn't start hunting for a bridge or a ford.

It just takes to the water like a duck.

The main difference is that the Jeep's method of propulsion is power-operated.

When the Jeep plunges into the river its driver switches the power of its 15-h.p. go-devil engine from the wheels to the propeller tucked under the stern—and the jeep switches across to the far bank.

★ ★ ★

There it emerges like a seal from the water, shakes itself, and buckets forward over the rough ground to get on with its job.

And what a job!

Jeeps rescued the rearguards in that epic of heroism—the retreat from Rangoon.

Loaded down to their axles with weary, begrimed troops, they tackled the world's worst road from Rangoon to Lashio—and got through with their precious cargoes.

On their way they stopped to rescue scores of three-ton lorries by hauling them out of the ditches in which they were bogged!

★ ★ ★

Further south, they dragged ploughs to make airfields in Australia; way up north, they were the first vehicles to conquer precipitous heights and dense jungle on the new India-China supply route which replaced the Burma Road.

Few people know how it got its name.

It was christened by a Doughboy. Official quarters had designated it "General Purpose Vehicle," and the Doughboy, seeing the letters "G.P." painted on the side of one of these squat buggies in a U.S. Army camp, promptly said "Jeep!"

Of course, it stuck.

"General Purposes" is a fairly embracing description—but in the case of the Jeep it is almost an understatement.

★ ★ ★

Apart from carrying four soldiers or a heavy load into battle, it has been used for towing artillery, for mounting anti-aircraft guns and searchlights, as a mobile machine-gun nest, a radio car, a snowplough, a fire-engine, a farm tractor—and probably any other unlikely purpose you can think up.

There isn't a battlefront in the world where its blunt snout hasn't pushed into the thick of the fighting.

And now they've taught it to swim.

The chassis is the same as ever, but the new body is a watertight boat-shaped affair, with a thoroughly nautical power-operated niggerhead capstan in the bows and a 30-calibre machine-gun mounted inboard to keep one of the four passengers busy!

★ ★ ★

The amphibian has already proved its worth in the fighting in Tunisia, not only as an offensive weapon, but in the saving of lives, for it can deputise very effectively as a high-speed ambulance—as many a grateful wounded soldier will testify.

The Jeep has everything—except a medal.

And if machinery could win a V.C., then certainly the Jeep is entitled to pin the crimson-coloured ribbon to its sturdy radiator.

PATRICK SPENCER.

# OUR INVASION GENERALS

IT will be cold comfort to Hitler to learn that some of the United Nations' "invasion generals" have privately expressed keen satisfaction at the tasks entrusted to them.

Weekdays and Sundays alike for months—and often far into the night—a small army of staff experts has been plotting every detail of the Master Plan roughed out long ago by President and Prime Minister.

One of the men who will help to put it into effect, the Germans fear, will be General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson.

His nickname, "Jumbo," suits him. For he's burly and brawny, a genial but "stand-no-nonsense" elephant of a man.

Recently some native South African troops asked him to accept a little present as a memento of his visit to them.

He agreed—and received a cap badge depicting an elephant. "From small elephants to the great elephant," said the accompanying message.

He showed his grasp of tactics when he commanded our Forces in Greece and Crete, then when he went on to capture Syria. He displayed his tact in dealing with Vichy officials.

* * *

Now, Berlin radio reports, he has amassed big invasion forces in Cyprus.

Far westwards of Wilson's bases lie the headquarters of the Eisenhower galaxy of military talent.

This Texan general—"Ike" to all his men—is a great "fixer." If anything goes wrong he "fixes" it He knows how to choose men, and gets the best from them by letting them get on with their job with just an occasional and almost casual word of advice which translates failure into success.

He has won the admiration of his deputy, General Alexander, and the feeling is reciprocated. "A great general," says the American of the Briton. Yet, to look at, Alexander is a colourless person. He is modest to the point of shyness. His voice lacks expression.

But he has brains. The way he duped the enemy in Tunisia proves that.

He has courage. He showed it when, supervising the Dunkirk evacuation, he strolled around under dive-bombing to inspire his men.

Yes, he'll play a part in assaulting the inner stronghold of the enemy. So, of course, will his more famous lieutenant, Montgomery—who is indeed so famous that nothing need be said of him here.

But in Britain there are other grand generals. Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, will have a long finger in the invasion pie.

Tall and spare, he looks as though he spends his life in the seclusion of a study.

Actually, Sir Alan has the scientific mind. But he's also a fighter. Thus, when he took over Britain's defences after Dunkirk he pulled down all the barriers that had been built across our highways. "Attack," he said, "is the best form of defence."

* * *

Then there's Sir Bernard Paget, C.-in-C. of the Home Forces. When he assumed command, most soldiers fired their weapons once every three months.

"Precision Paget" changed all that. He turned training camps into battlegrounds, substituted live ammunition for blank, made his men advance while 'planes dropped real bombs near them, scrapped the rule-of-thumb textbooks that the Army had used for generations.

Next comes the Canadian C.-in-C., General MacNaughton. He's a man with an obsession. "I have done nothing else but talk of the offensive in Europe," he confesses.

Tough and tireless himself, at fifty-five he insists that this is a young man's war, and has with him no colonel older than thirty-seven, no brigadier more than forty-two. And he has a passion for devising and using new weapons of war.

Here, then, are some of the men who will help to breach Europe's defences. There may well be others—leaders of the Continent's own armies who have been training on British soil. Their past records suggest that their future rôles will give the Axis cause for concern.

# The Closing Net

★ *We have placed the halter around the Duce's neck and are now drawing it tight. Another six triumphant months and it may be lying on the Fuehrer's shoulders. Then our mighty air arm will reach out to Tojo's throat.*

**By A. G. GARDINER**

"THE English have gone drunk with victory," was one of the gibes of the Goebbels' propaganda machine after Tunis. If this were true, the reply would be obvious.

It is better to be "drunk with victory" in 1943 than it was in 1940. The Nazis got very drunk then, so drunk that, on the fall of France, they erected their triumphal arches in the Unter den Linden. Since then they have got very sober indeed.

But it is not true. We are grateful for that victory, but we are not drunk. We are confident, but we have no illusions.

The grounds for confidence are many. They are not confined to the spectacular victories in Russia and Africa which have turned the tide of the war. Nor to the devastation of the German military machine at its source. Nor to the fact that the balance of production power has now decisively passed from the enemy to the Allies. Nor to the approaching collapse of the Italian wing of the Axis.

* * *

It is not merely the military position that has turned to our advantage. The political position is no less definitely swinging in our favour.

Stalin's abolition of the Comintern is worth many victories in the field. Proof of this is evident in the scared comments of Goebbels.

His foreign propaganda had become reduced to two themes—the Bolshevist bogy and the anti-Jew obsession. Night after night the unspeakable Joyce has rung the changes on these two appeals to ignorance and fear.

Now the Bolshevist bogy is laid, and the Allied front is consolidated in a spiritual unity that makes it invulnerable.

**NO LESS HELPFUL TO THE POLITICAL PHASE OF THE WAR IS THE PROMISE OF UNITY IN THE FIGHTING FRENCH CAMP. WITH THAT UNITY ACCOMPLISHED FRANCE WILL BECOME THE MOST FORMIDABLE FIFTH COLUMN THE ALLIES HAVE INSIDE HITLER'S FORTRESS. AND IT IS THE FIFTH COLUMNS, OPERATING FROM NORWAY TO GREECE, FROM WHICH WE HAVE MUCH TO HOPE AND HITLER MUCH TO FEAR.**

* * *

But of all the factors, military or political, that justify our sober confidence in victory at no distant date, the first place belongs to our dominion of the air.

Hitler was right in the central idea with which he set out to the conquest of Europe and the world. It was the idea that trench war was obsolete, and that supremacy in the air was henceforth the key to victory.

Everything that has happened since has confirmed the soundness of that belief. It was mastery of the air that enabled him to conquer and hold Norway against our mastery of the sea. Dominion of the air gave him Poland, gave him France, gave him Crete. If he could have kept that dominion he would have won the war.

*Defence of Western Europe must be worrying the Nazi commander, Von Runstedt, quite a lot—not to mention his chief.*

**BUT WHEN HE WAS BEATEN IN THE AIR HE BEGAN TO LOSE THE WAR.**

It is this fact that will make the Battle of Britain one of the decisive battles of history. Its full meaning was not appreciated at the time.

We knew that it had saved us from invasion. We knew that it had given us a breathing space to recover from Dunkirk.

*We did not know that the sky was henceforth the decisive theatre of war.*

We did not know that without dominion of the air land armies would march in vain and sea power would be possessed in vain. We did not know that the key to victory was to blast Hitler out of the sky.

* * *

But we learned the lesson and the Battle of Africa was the first fruits of its application. Under the cover of air power our armies drove the Axis into the sea. Under the cover of air power our Navy now rides the Mediterranean unchallenged from Gibraltar to the Suez. Under the growing protection of air power we are beginning to get the whip-hand of the U-boat.

We have seized Hitler's master key and we have seized it for "keeps." Nothing can wrest it from us. We have won the dominion of the air both qualitatively and quantitatively.

**WE HAVE BETTER PLANES. WE HAVE MORE PLANES. AND WITH BETTER PLANES AND MORE PLANES WE HAVE BETTER AIRMEN. FOR WITH THE SENSE OF SUPERIOR POWER OUR MEN GO TO THE ATTACK WITH THE CONFIDENCE OF VICTORY.**

Neither in numbers nor quality should we lose the lead. So far as production is concerned, America alone is now turning out vastly more planes than all the Axis powers—Japan included—put together.



# Net

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And while they have passed their peak, American production is still mounting astronomically. Our own production is at least equal to that of Germany. And Russia's can hardly be less.

* * *

Now as to quality. Hitler's treachery and cunning have been his undoing. He built up secretly a mighty air force that should win victory outright. He relied on numbers and standardised his types.

By being late in the race we were able to start building on the grand scale with the knowledge of what was good and what was bad in the enemy's design. Thus we have throughout kept the lead in quality.

**ALL EXPERTS AGREE THAT IN AEROPLANE CONSTRUCTION QUALITY IS EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN QUANTITY. BETTER BOTH. AND BOTH WE HAVE AND SHOULD KEEP.**

And with the dominion of the air securely in our hand, the *blitz* that Hitler destined for us recoils on him—not two-fold but ten-fold and with ever-increasing violence.

Our first object, as Mr. Churchill has said, is to destroy the war potential of the enemy—in a word, to disarm him.

This is being done with hammer-blows that have the quality of major victories in the field. Germany, like Italy, is under invasion at the minimum of cost with the maximum of result. Her power-house in the Ruhr, the source of her strength, is being destroyed ruthlessly, systematically, inflexibly.

When that process is complete the path to Berlin will be open. For, as Sir Archibald Sinclair has said:

*There is only one hope of getting to Berlin without the slaughter which the land battles of the last war entailed, and that is by the paralysis of German war power by Bomber Command.*

* * *

**AND THE SAME TRUTH HOLDS GOOD OF JAPAN. NOT UNTIL WE CAN BRING AIR POWER TO BLAST TOKYO AND THE WAR POTENTIAL OF JAPAN SHALL WE HAVE VICTORY IN SIGHT THERE.**

But, hard though it is on heroic China, that task must wait until we have crushed the Satanic powers that have made a shambles of Europe.

In war, as in chess, it is necessary to make the right moves *in the right order*. To risk giving the victory to Hitler in order to destroy Tojo first would be fatal to us and fatal in the end to China.

This war is being fought on two planes, but it is one war. With Hitler victorious and Tojo defeated it would be lost. With Hitler defeated it will be won.

And it will be won. The halter is already round the neck of Hitler's jackal. And another six months as triumphant as the last may well place it round the neck of the jackal's master.

No, Dr. Goebbels, we are not "drunk with victory." We are very sober indeed. We have no illusions, but we are satisfied that we are on the road to Berlin and victory. And we know that you wish Germany were in our shoes. We know that you would give everything to be "drunk with victory" now as you were in 1940.

★ *Thousands of Gestapo agents are pouring into Southern Italy, it is reported. No doubt. For Nazi domination of Mussolini's crumbling land is still complete and unchallenged!*

*They're Italian guns, manned by Italians, to guard Italy against invasion. But the most powerful forces in the country are still German*

# ITALY'S GERMAN CONTROLLERS

WHAT is the truth about Italy? It can be put into a few words:

Carefully chosen, cunning and ruthless, a band of Germans is still directing Italian policy.

For the sake of appearances—or to deceive the Allies—they may operate in the background. But whatever the next internal developments in the trembling Achilles heel of the Axis, Hitler's agents will them.

The hosts of rumours seeping out from Italy during the last few weeks clearly bear the stamp of Dr. Goebbels.

There were the usual contradictions designed to confuse the Allies!

"Neutral sources" — manipulated by the Nazis—spread the news one day that "German units are leaving Italy." Next day, another neutral knew that scores of *Luftwaffe* squadrons have reinforced Italy in the air.

## Does Italy Want Peace?

Political rumours have accompanied these military reports. It has been suggested with equal emphasis that Italy wants peace and that Italy will fight on grimly to the end!

**There is no danger that even the casual reader in Allied countries will be taken in by these manœuvres if he knows something about the dangerous group of Nazi agents who pull Hitler's wires in Italy.**

**They are led by the calm, seemingly dignified, grey-haired German Ambassador, Mackensen, who has often been described as the uncrowned ruler of Italy.**

Mackensen, a double-faced diplomat of the Von Papen style, likes to have his hand in many pies.

There is no single Italian group with which he would not try to be friendly.

Fascists or conservative industrialists, the military, the king's friends, and Mussolini's henchmen are all the same to him if he can use them for his own—and Hitler's—purpose.

And he does! He is ingenious in spreading rumours. He goes out of his way to visit prominent Italians so that the neutral Press can draw inferences from his contacts.

Behind a deep diplomatic smokescreen he has always exploited Italy for Germany's purposes—and has always fobbed off Mussolini with worthless promises.

He alone, probably, knows Hitler's real intentions. And he would be the last man to give his master's secret away.

## No Trust

He trusts nobody—and takes it for granted that nobody but the duped Italians trust him.

One of his chief instruments is Dr. Ehrich, the Nazi Gauleiter inside Mussolini's shrunken empire.

Ehrich controls the German colony in Italy, the thousands of officials, commissions, industrial experts, technical advisers, military aides, Party men, Gestapo gangsters, even travelling actors, lecturers and entertainers.

**They not only supply him with information about Italy's secrets in every sphere of public and private activity.**

**On his orders they effectively influence Italian opinion and actions.**

In their different walks of life they spread propaganda and rumours useful to Germany. They have been able in the past—and are able even now—to guide the Italian people more forcibly than can Mussolini's inefficient agents.

Ehrich hates Britain. More, he belongs to the clique which regards Italy as being rightfully a part of Germany—deriving their claim from the historic term of the "Roman Empire of the German Nation."

He would not lend his ear to any suggestion that Italy should be abandoned by the Germans. He would fight tooth and nail any possibility that it should fall into Britain's hands.

## German Rivalry

But if Ehrich and Mackensen represent the political arm of the Nazis in Italy, it does not follow that the German military commanders there are less eager to exert their influence.

Few political or military conferences in Italy in the last two years have not been attended by the Nazi *Luftwaffe* commander.

And since Field-Marshal Kesselring was appointed to that post he has created a vast and elaborate organisation, established a headquarters of a size which would not be justified if he had any intention of limiting himself to his military duties.

Kesselring took the view—useful for him and Hitler—that the *Luftwaffe* needs more than bases on the ground to operate securely from a foreign country.

**He does not care whether this foreign country is occupied by or allied to Germany. His aerodromes, he argues, must be safeguarded by political control over the districts where they are situated.**

Kesselring has, in fact, virtually taken over Sicily.

Even for the African campaign, military guards for aerodromes were not sufficient.

With every German unit there came a host of Gestapo agents, Party members, and all the paraphernalia of the hideous German Security Service.

For a time Kesselring agreed that his men should pass his orders on for Italians to carry them out. But there is now enough evidence to prove that this polite practice has been abandoned in favour of direct German action.

Kesselring is an intimate friend of Himmler, the Gestapo chief, who has supplied him with many of his crack pilots.

## Final Measures

And Himmler's recent secret visit to Italy suggests that he and Kesselring have devised the final measures to make the *Luftwaffe* in Italy autonomous.

Against the background of these German activities in Italy many aspects of the wave of rumours take on a new significance.

There can be no doubt that neither Mussolini nor the king really like the arrogant Germans who have imposed their rule on Italy.

Certainly they are not quite helpless. They can threaten Hitler with the possibility of a separate peace. They can demand stronger protection, or suggest, on the other hand, that Italians are best fitted to defend Italy.

Under any circumstances, Italy's loss would be a crippling blow to Hitler.

## Stronger Army Needed

To hold Italy against the will of her people, force her to remain in the war, would need a stronger army of occupation than the German High Command could spare when the Fortress of Europe is threatened with attack on all sides.

**But it is just these problems which the Nazis try to solve by ordering their agents to make up with political ruses what brute force cannot achieve.**

**That is why Messrs. Mackensen and Co. are the Allies' most dangerous enemies in Italy at this moment. And why it is safer to rely on Allied bombs and Allied troops to cleanse Italy from Nazis and Fascists alike!**

WILLI FRISCHAUER

# ROBBING THE WAR FRONT!

THE time has come to tell the astonishing truth about what certain magistrates are still content to describe as "railway pilfering."

It has reached the stage at which it has many of the devastating effects of an enemy action.

For instance, there have been months in which bigger quantities of essential war materials have been stolen from British railways than have been ruined by the *Luftwaffe*.

**I emphasise those words "essential war materials."**

**They have included fabrics made of 100 per cent. Welsh wool intended for a new secret artillery weapon.**

**It has been a matter of life or death that the rolls of that material should reach the factories where girls were waiting to stamp it into washers.**

**But big quantities have been stolen for use as suitings.**

Even worse, the theft of big quantities of thick felt for use as carpets, which now fetch a fabulous price.

For that felt was intended for something more vital than providing drawing-rooms with pleasing floor coverings.

By OUR SPECIAL ★ COMMISSIONER

It was wanted—and urgently wanted—to filter from the air intakes of British tanks the swirling sand that was choking their engines.

Raw materials for rafts, rubber dinghies and even parachutes have been stolen at the time of greatest urgency.

And even the work of providing British ships' lifeboats with everything necessary to sustain life when the ships themselves have been sunk has been held up at times by these most wicked of all thefts.

I said these depredations had *many* of the devastating effects of an enemy offensive.

I will outline a few others.

## INCREDIBLE FACTS

**There are, on average, a hundred arrests of alleged railway thieves every week—which makes more incredible the fact that the thefts are always increasing.**

**The Great Western Railway reports a thousand arrests a year and the Southern another thousand, and the L.M.S., perhaps because it has an immense goods traffic, is by far the worst victim of these thieves.**

In some of these cases twelve and even as many as twenty witnesses have to be brought from different distant parts of the kingdom—many of them people who can be ill spared from their war jobs.

Then there is the fact that railway police forces have had to be considerably augmented at a time when man-power is so important.

Yet again there is the fact that one of the many conferences in which railway police have taken part recently has been with manufacturers' organisations.

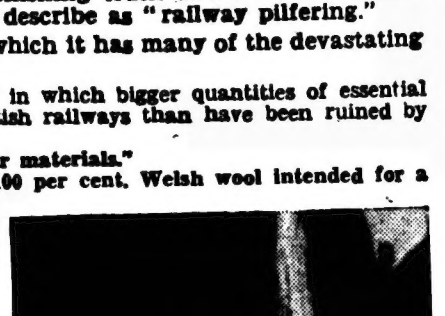
At it a decision was made to use certain methods of packing which would disguise the contents of various consignments of the type which are most often stolen.

## IMPEDING WAR EFFORT

So, in the middle of a war in which raw materials are so vitally important, we have to waste big quantities of such materials to protect ourselves against the theft of even bigger quantities!

**No, "railway pilfering" is hardly the phrase to describe this widespread sabotage of our war effort.**

**For the railway authorities are quite satisfied that behind it all is the Black Market.**



*A hundred railway thieves are arrested each week. Could police dogs help to capture more?*

One of the commonest tricks is to paste over the real label another address to which the goods are ultimately delivered—which has the typical Black Market touch about it.

Consignments diverted in this way are usually so big that it would obviously require quite a sizeable organisation to deal with them.

Many recipients of goods received in this manner have been traced and convicted.

But the authorities are satisfied that in most cases they were never intended to be the ultimate recipients.

Indeed, the goods reach the real ringleaders—the high-powered Black Market operators—by a very circuitous route.

In many cases the railwaymen who resort to stealing—who run the biggest risks and have the most to lose when they are found out—are merely dupes.

Their share of the loot is fairly small.

And it is extremely unlikely that anything but a very small proportion of them know the names of the people for whom they are really working, for the work of contacting them and enticing them to steal is always done through intermediaries.

## USUAL INSTRUCTIONS

The usual instruction to them is: "Steal what the public wants most and can't get in sufficient quantities through normal trade channels."

So valuable war material is lifted whenever it happens to be stuff useful to the civilian population.

**This also explains why tobacco, chocolate, soap, tea, matches and similar goods disappear in huge quantities.**

**And whisky. In fact, one Scottish distiller lost, over a short distance of time, one bottle of whisky in every three consigned by rail.**

Cases are readdressed in the manner described. Or empty bottles are substituted for full ones.

Or, again, the trick has been tried of emptying all but two bottles in the case, dropping the case, and despatching the load of broken bottles sufficiently stained and smelling of whisky to suggest there has been an accident.

What can actually be called "railway pilfering" still goes on, and on a bigger scale than ever before.

For instance, a million railway towels were stolen last year—and at the moment they were withdrawn were going at the rate of 28,000 a week.

There is no Black Market background to such thefts as those.

## INCALCULABLE LOSSES

But the major problem confronting the railway companies is the loss of goods in transit to the value of well over £1,000,000 a year, and representing an increase of anything from 300 to 500 per cent. on pre-war losses, much of it so valuable to the war potential that one cannot even hint at its value in figures.

And one mustn't forget the railwayman's point of view. Despite the pitiful fact that long-service men with hitherto excellent characters have been tempted into the Black Market cobweb, the vast majority of them are good, reliable men who are horrified at some of the current generalisations about railway workers which, for the most part, are so ill-deserved.

Indeed, the ringleaders find it easier to "use" temporary war time workers—and easiest of all to plant women and men of their own choosing in railway jobs.

No, it isn't sufficient to dismiss this dangerous leakage of national resources at a time like this as "pilferage"—which suggests something petty.

**Big things are at stake—not the least of them the reputation of a vast section of British workers, and the supremacy of British arms.**

## PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*This week I have awarded the £1 1s. to a reader who wishes to remain anonymous for reasons I appreciate.*

*Letters are invited on all matters concerning a ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

## SOME BROKER!

MANY general traders run short of ready cash nowadays and would like to know a sound broker from whom they can get some quickly.

Mr. Arthur P. Collins, of Vauxhall Road, Birmingham, calls himself a financial broker, and offers his services very freely in this connection.

★ ★ ★

In order not to miss any genuine trader in temporary need of funds he generously sends unsolicited printed postcards to people he does not even know and addresses them to "The Occupier."

In inspiring language he offers to raise money at reasonable rates of interest for people running sound business ventures, but is not very businesslike himself, because he demands a fee of £3 3s. in advance, which must be sent in £1 banknotes or postal orders.

Cheques are frowned upon by him because they take eight to ten days to clear and thus cause delay in his deals!

★ ★ ★

Well, long ago I had complaints from people who found him a little disappointing, so I advise the utmost caution.

When I heard of him last he was operating from a dingy private house in which his office also served as a kitchen.

# SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

## SHOULD CIVIL SERVANTS JOIN THE T.U.C.?

● The argument against Civil Servants joining a body which would unite them with all the other workers is based on the assumption that if there were another General Strike they would be called out, with the rest, to the peril of the State.

What is not recognised is that Trade Unionism is still marching on to a broader conception of what working-class unity means.

It is in no sense anti-social, as indeed is proved at the outbreak of war when, willingly, it threw on one side the privileges it had won after a century of battle against Vested Interest.

To-day, Trade Unionism bargains and negotiates. It doesn't threaten.

It is honest. It is loyal. It is, indeed, one of the bulwarks of the nation.

Civil Servants have rights as citizens, just like other folk. And they should not be denied them.

## WHAT DOES THE COMINTERN'S END MEAN?

● Chiefly it means that all sorts of Tories who used to try to scare us with the "Bolshevik bogey" and, indeed, preferred Hitlerism, are now suddenly persuaded that world revolution is not Russia's aim.

Although, for a time, Lenin held the idea that only by the permeation of Communism in other countries could it succeed permanently in Russia, this idea was abandoned years ago.

Trotsky believed it. Stalin, who adopted the slogan "Socialism in one country," did not.

Indeed, he sent the executive of the Comintern, which rarely met, to a far-off Siberian town.

And Russia pursued a policy of self-development, realising that she had quite enough to do at home that she was self-contained and that, apart from the safeguarding of her frontiers, she had no ambitions abroad.

Naturally, Communists will still have unofficial attachments everywhere. Their unity of outlook will decide that.

But that is true of Socialists, Roman Catholics, apostles of animal welfare, Spiritualists and lots of other groups.

## WILL GERMANY'S SUCCESSES BRING HER DOWN?

● Hitler's easy conquest of Europe will, in my view, do more to bring about his undoing than anything else. His armies are now spread from the northernmost Cape in Norway to the Dardanelles. Unrest in any country weakens it more and more as it grows and grows.

Had Hitler confined himself to a conquest of Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France, he might have won.

As it is, he has to defend not only the coast of Europe, but the whole of the Mediterranean.

The collapse of Italy would inevitably set the Balkans ablaze. And then, with the R.A.F. bombarding, the end would soon come.

Yes, Hitler bit off more than he can chew.

# Mr. SMITH'S NIGHT ON THE HILL

SAGAS OF THE SUBURBS.—No. 2: CROYDON

★

By WILL SCOTT

***★ Adventure, mystery and startling drama are not unknown in the sedate towns that form London's suburbs. Ask that ordinary fellow, Mr. Smith***

ACCORDING to Mr. Smith, there was nowhere like Croydon. For more than forty years he had lived there. He never wanted to live anywhere else. And when his time came, it was at Croydon that he wanted to die. If not yet . . .

In Croydon there was everything. Big shops, quiet places, life.

If you wanted it old, you'd only to turn in through the gates of Whitgift Hospital and back you went three hundred years at a go.

If you wanted it new—the very latest—you'd only to look up. Even in peace time. There were the great air liners roaring through the sky.

And then the Villain came. . . .

As soon as Mr. Smith saw him he marked him down as a Villain. He had a Villain's face. Yes, with a capital V.

It was outside Croydon East station, where Mr. Smith had left the train five nights a week (holidays excepted) for all those forty years. Without ever seeing a face like this.

It gave Mr. Smith quite a feeling. He turned into the local—his nightly habit—and there he got another feeling, worse than the last one. For the Villain turned into the local, too, and sat and stared at Mr. Smith.

And the next night in the local there was the Villain again, staring harder than ever, and this time when Mr. Smith came out the Villain came too.

Mr. Smith felt suddenly sick. What was the game? Knives? Guns? The prospect of dying at Croydon didn't seem so sweet as it had seemed.

He almost had a word with the policeman at the corner of George Street, and would have done if he'd known what to say.

But what could he say? The fellow wasn't following him. Couldn't be. Or was he? Following him home?

Mr. Smith began to sweat. Well, if *that* was the game, he just wasn't going home. If the Villain, for some reason, wanted to know where he lived, he'd have to be shown that he wasn't the only cunning fellow on earth. Mr. Smith (said Mr. Smith to Mr. Smith) wasn't as green as all that.

So this night he left his home to starboard. He crossed High Street and went down the sharp dip into Church Street, with its friendly perpetual smell of clothing and linoleum, and turned into Old Town, feeling very proud of himself. And in Old Town he risked a backward glance.

Heavens! The Villain was not more than fifty yards behind!

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed meek Mr. Smith, wondering why he had been picked out for this.

From force of habit, Mr. Smith turned to the right and began to climb. Hundreds of times in what he was now thinking of as happier days he had gone up to Duppas Hill, there on the top to sit in the breeze and tell himself that it was as good as the open country, and much nearer the shops and the buses and the pubs.

But now he was inwardly cursing the place for being so far from the shops and the buses and the pubs and all things civilised.

Satisfied that death at least was at his heels, Mr. Smith was about to risk all and try running from this puzzling menace when three steps up to an old Georgian door pulled him up sharp.

Here was an idea! Knock on the door, ask to be admitted, tell his strange story and phone for the police. Yes!

So up the steps went Mr. Smith, to find to his astonishment that the old Georgian door was open an inch or two.

Mr. Smith went in, and as the sounds of the Villain ceased outside he closed the door behind him.

What now? Standing there in the darkness he coughed hopefully, but nothing happened. He coughed again, louder, but still nothing happened. And then the door behind him opened and the Villain happened.

Mr. Smith saw the Villain's hand sweep the wall. The lights went on and there was the Villain laughing.

"Smart boy, eh?" said the Villain. And he came quite close to Mr. Smith.

"Listen, baby boy," he said. "We might as well get to it and save time. No good you bolting. I'm on to you. I'm wise to the way you made your dough. See? You wouldn't like me to toddle to the police and *talk*, would you? No. You're going to be sensible and cough up."

"B-b-but——" gasped Mr. Smith.

The Villain looked round.

"Nice little place you got here. Very nice. You'll cut up fat!"

It was most incredible. Mr. Smith tried telling the Villain that he was making an awful mistake, but the Villain only tapped him on the chest.

"Baby boy," he said, "I'll tell you. I got it from your soldier pals in the City—in the "Old China Bottle." I got it by listening. An' when one of 'em didn't know you an' the others described you I got *that*.

"I been three weeks combing the Smiths of Croydon to find the one that fits. An' that's *you*."

"I tell you——" attempted Mr. Smith.

"And I tell *you*," said the Villain, "that unless you want me to open my trap to the cops we're goin' to sit down right now and make provision for my old age. Is that in your head, baby boy?"

It was then the far door opened and the woman appeared. A commanding woman. A woman who wanted to know.

"An' you can keep your missus out o' this!" added the Villain.

The woman shouted, the Villain snarled, and suddenly Mr. Smith Just Didn't Care. He collected all that was in him and *pushed*.

The Villain tottered, shot forward and crashed into a door. The door split open and the Villain vanished.

Bump after bump after bump followed and ended in a shattering crash. The Woman's hand reached for a telephone. And Mr. Smith ran.

★

Three weeks later the local paper informed Mr. Smith that the Villain (who appeared in the dock bandaged and silent) had gone away for three years for housebreaking with violence. It also informed Mr. Smith that the Villain's colleague had got away, but that the police had clues. . . .

And on the following Monday, in his lunch hour, Mr. Smith, not too hopefully, made his way to the "Old China Bottle" in the City and bought himself a pint and mixed with the soldiers there. There were many soldiers, nearly all from overseas.

AFTER his second pint, Mr. Smith screwed up enough courage to ask one of them if he knew a Mr. Smith of Croydon.

"Know *of* him, the old so-and-so," said the soldier. "Why?"

"I rather wanted his address. I wanted to call on him," said Mr. Smith.

"My pal Tapper will be in presently," said the soldier. "He knows him He could tell you."

"Thanks," said Mr. Smith. "That will be fine. I'd like to call on him to-night."

"To-night?" said the soldier. "Call on old Smith of Croydon? Say, which Croydon are you talking about?"

"Is there another?" asked Mr. Smith.

"The one I mean," said the soldier, "is in Australia."

And for the second time in less than a month Mr. Smith went home and had three double Scotches and sat wondering what it had all been about.

★

He still likes Croydon. Very much. But he hasn't been near Duppas Hill since what he always calls, to himself, That Night.

He has a feeling that it would take too long to explain everything to the Woman.

*Up the steps went Mr. Smith, to find to his astonishment that the old Georgian door was open an inch or two. That was enough for Mr. Smith, who was thinking at an unwanted rate Up the street came the tap-tap of the Villain's footsteps, terribly near*

## MY FACE ISN'T MY FORTUNE

I'VE just had a real good look at my face in the glass.

I've seen it, of course, thousands of times before. Such as when I inspect it to see if the pimple's gone. And each time I shave it.

But I've never made a first-class do of it before.

I know at last why people smile at me in trains and Tubes and 'buses. And even when they pass me in the street.

But I know more than this. I know why people smile at one another.

If I were living on Mars and happened to get hold of a worldly magazine I might easily believe that the inhabitants of this globe of ours were the best-looking people in the universe. Those men in the magazine illustrations, with "clean cut" features and college blazers! Those girls on the magazine covers!

★ ★ ★

I'd believe that the people on earth were the most amiable folk in the universe. The way we smile when we see one another.

I know now that we're all smiling at the ghastly faces we have to see.

Crushed-up faces, pulled-out faces, hollow faces, inflated faces, faces with six chins and faces with none, faces with mouths you can't see and faces with gaps, purple faces, ghastly white faces, tittering faces, snarling faces. . . .

In fact, if ever you *do* happen to see a good-looking one it's ten to one it will be blushing because it feels in the way.

I don't know why we, of all forms of life, should have been picked out to look like the universe's comedians. You never see a really awful-looking dog. Or a horse. Dogs and horses, take them all round, are a handsome lot. So are mice and pigeons. So are foxes and skunks and polecats.

It's only us!

I shall never shave my face again without wanting to punch it.

It's a catastrophe.

I've never seen a face like it.

Except yours. . . .

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

## IT'S SAFER NOT TO!

**● When you feel tempted to interfere with someone else—think again!**

**When you feel impelled to criticise, to deride, to nag, or to instruct—don't!**

**When you begin to feel that you're responsible for someone else's behaviour, lay off and take a rest.**

**You may feel that you're a great dispenser of wisdom. Others will merely see you as an interfering busybody.**

**It is one of the oddities of the world that no one really welcomes advice. People sometimes ask for it, but they don't want it, and they rarely take it if offered.**

**What they really want is for you to agree with them, to tell them that they're fine fellows, and that what they're doing is right.**

**To interfere with what others are doing is dangerously like conceit. It strikes them that way, anyhow.**

**It certainly is a vain attempt to mould your environment and adapt it to yourself, instead of accepting your environment and taking the much easier and less painful course of adapting yourself to it.**

**We really waste an astonishing amount of time and energy worrying about the state of other people's brains and characters and actions. Just why we all want to form one-man societies for propagating the "truth" about other people is a mystery. It's futile, anyway.**

# Miss 1943 Has Reversed the Gipsy's Warning

HABITS of thought, like fashions in dress, are constantly changing.

Years ago, the gipsy and the fortune-teller were safe in warning us against a dark man or a dark woman—an idea which probably arose from our traditional suspicion of foreigners. A girl of 22 writes:—

**Why is it that blondes are always regarded as gold-diggers? Are there any other blondes among your readers who feel, as I do, that it is a drawback?**

**I am a natural blonde and generally considered rather good-looking. I appreciate a smart wardrobe, a light make-up, and an occasional evening out; but does that make me as a gold-digger?**

**It is becoming an enormous worry to me that I have not yet reached the ranks of those who are courting, especially as the majority of my girl friends, younger than myself, are already married. I simply cannot go about with any Tom, Dick or Harry simply for the sake of a night out. . . .**

**I imagine that the habit of associating fair hair with gold-digging derives from Hollywood, where girls are all put into types."**

No doubt the idea was strengthened by the "have-a-good-time" girl who peroxided her hair and did startling things with her finger-nails.

For all I know the fortune-tellers today warn their clients against the blonde as glibly as they used to do against the brunette. But all these generalisations are stupid; there are so many exceptions to them that they amount to nothing.

A MAN writes to remind me of a letter from a reader who complained some weeks ago that men have lost their chivalry because women claim to be their equals. He says:—

**I wish you would explain what sex-equality means! My pals and I have been arguing about the subject.**

**I maintain that there cannot be sex-equality until it is proved (a) that all men are equal, (b) that all women are equal; and I deny both of these statements. That is sound logic, isn't it? Can you prove, Humanist, that all men are equal when we are all different physically, mentally, morally, financially, and scores of other ways? To me the whole theory is wrong.**

When a very young man I once went to hear the famous G. K. Chesterton on the subject, and I gladly missed a dinner to do it. He explained that our differences were trivial, but in the fundamental things we were all alike. From the religious point of view we are all equal. We are all "born of woman kind," and we all have to die. But we are not equal politically until we all have one vote apiece and are equally subject to the same laws. In all these things men and women are undoubtedly equal, but socially and economically there are enormous differences between men and men, and between men and women.

But the question of sex-equality and courtesy brought a huge postbag, and I intend to quote one or two of the best letters this week and leave some over for another time.

The first comes from a Lance-Corporal in the A.T.S., who tells me that the vast majority of girls in her unit think as she does. She goes on:—

**Other times, other manners! Women have moved with the times and there are few to-day without some knowledge of political affairs.**

**A true woman and a real man stand on exactly the same relation to each other in 1943 as they did in 1903 in all the things that really matter—she relying, he reliant.**

**Women are more honest to-day. The wilting lily of old knew her p's and q's as well as the modern girl. Sickly sentimentality, once too much pandered to, has given place to a fresh rejuvenating breeze of commonsense. Respect is invariably given where it is due, and the courtesies of life are still a very large part of our national behaviour.**

**Sex-equality has taught women that there is more in the arts of living and loving than sweet words, bouquets and valentines. It has made life a glorious adventure.**

**★ If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)**

Here's another letter from a woman:—

**I believe that a woman gets the treatment she deserves from men. If she retains her poise, in spite of all the wartime jobs thrust upon her, she will find men generous in their courtesy and praise. But if she drinks, smokes to excess, swears, and swaggers around in trousers, never batting an eyelid at suggestive stories, she must expect to lose their respect.**

**Personally I have noticed that the men who stick tight to their seats in tube and bus are usually the middle-aged, pipe-smoking types. My hair turned white long ago, but if one of these men offered me his seat I believe I should faint. My son fumes when he offers his seat to a lady who refuses to take it. He says it makes him feel small!**

**Thank God for the young folks of to-day. The world will be a sweeter place for their courage and loyalty. Even if they are untidy, outspoken, and a little headstrong at times, God bless 'em.**

*Yes, she's a Hollywood star. And so many fair-haired girls have been depicted as gold-diggers in American films that Englishmen are getting cautious!*

# VOICE OF THE TROOPS

***★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces! ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.***

*NEWS is just coming through in soldiers' letters of the fine effect of the Prime Minister's visit to North Africa. Bdr. J. C. Croft, R.A., writes to his mother at Tideswell Road, Putney, S.W.15:*

The other day we had the honour of being inspected by Mr. Winston Churchill, and he spent half an hour with our regiment. He looked extremely well and buoyant, but his pale face was a contrast to the tanned faces of the men out here.

Although plans and arrangements had been made for "Winnie" to motor round on his tour of inspection, he insisted on walking and seeing things thoroughly.

This gave us a real chance of seeing the Prime Minister at close quarters, and with him, General Alexander, good old "Monty," and many other "brass hats."

We all very much appreciated Winston's gesture in tramping round in the rough going to have a look at us, and to chat with a few of the lads. He looked very smart in R.A.F. uniform—but he was without a cigar. I can't think that this was due to the Budget.

When the Prime Minister left, we put up a terrific barrage of cheers, and he seemed pleased. We were: we felt honoured by the visit of a great gentleman.

*Our lads in Africa put up a new kind of barrage when he paid them a call in R.A.F. uniform*

## UNWELCOME SURPRISE

*In the Middle East recently some of our troops met with a slight setback, but it was not of a military nature. Gnr. W. R. Peet reports the sad story to his sister at Barrenger Road, Muswell Hill, London, N.:*

Last night when rations came up word went round as swiftly as a prairie fire that there was one pint tin of beer for every four men

Our group, intent upon getting a hollow tooth full, stood by as eager as kids in a sweetstuff shop, while I pricked a hole in the top of our tin of beer.

But it wasn't! A green liquid oozed out, so I opened the tin full out—and it was full of runner beans!

It seems that the tins had been wrongly labelled. However, some lads are going to be lucky when they open what they think are tins of beans, and find them full of beer!

## A GALA SUPPER

*From eggs to coconuts! AC/1 G. E. Duffill, serving with the R.A.F. in India, writes to his parents at North Road, Hull:*

To-day one of my childhood ambitions has been realised. I climbed a coconut palm and pulled my own coconuts. Full of milk they were—almost like drinking sweet wine.

Besides, I have gained my cooking diploma.

The other night a few of the boys decided on a grand gala supper, for no reason in particular.

We had a whip-round and I bought two chickens, killed, plucked and cleaned them. Then I stuffed them with bread, sausage and onions and roasted them to a turn. They were a great success and I followed them up with a sweet made of rice and all sorts of things.

## GOOD SHOW

*In West Africa, dancing may not be up to West End standard, but it has its thrills, as A/C K. Smith, R.A.F., informs his mother at Jubilee Street, North Ormesby, Yorks:*

We came upon the village when the dance was in progress, but it was not the Palais de Dance affair.

A witch-doctor was dancing round like mad in a circle of open-mouthed natives while the dance band boys beat out the rhythm on the tom-toms. The "Big Dancing Devil" was dressed up in straw from head to foot, and seemed to lose most of his clothing as the dance got wilder.

Then the "Little Dancing Devil" appeared and made it a complete double-turn.

After a time we got bored and lent a hand on the tom-toms, but as this did not please we sang a few songs and did a little tap-dancing as gracefully as elephants. The natives thought we were good.

## HARD LABOUR

*Troops serving in India are surprised to see women working as labourers while their husbands "rest." Pte. G. J. Smith, Indian Command, writes to his mother at Whitwell Street, Thornaby-on-Tees:*

I've been watching the Indian women working as labourers on a building job near here. How different to conditions at home. Here the women seem to do most of the heavy work.

They dig the foundations with primitive entrenching-tools, and carry the excavated earth in large bowls, which they balance on their heads. They bring

## FAIR EXCHANGE

*FAIR Exchange is such a pleasant thing; it has about it chivalry and grace, it does not seek to stab you in the back, nor does it give the falsely smiling face. It has no ugly cunning up its sleeve, it is a clean transaction of good will, it is an open market of the heart, and the rôle of honest neighbour does fulfil.*

*FAIR Exchange will prove a deeper bond than ever gifts or favours can achieve, for in it there is nothing to regret, nothing to hide, and nothing to deceive. It is a deal that satisfies the mind, and in it lies an equal service done, while thought, and generosity, and faith, are all within it most securely spun.*

*FAIR Exchange is what all seek and need, for in the deal the dealer is portrayed, and thus to fairly serve is to be seen in the heart's colours openly arrayed. The upright deal gives something to the soul, the cheater's paradise betrays its cost, for the world's glib gains are very brief indeed and are surely never worth a Heaven Lost.—J. M.*



TROO

stones and fetch and carry material.

Their pay works out at day. In the morning they children with them to the ing the day the elder one babies and wander over sites while their mothers ar

## AT THE THEAT

*From a German prison camp F./Sgt. J. Green, who a "guest" for the past months, describes the life to his wife at Heathway, Essex:*

We have done quite a lot a bit of social life in the c are about 4,000 of us, and huts, twelve men to each one blankets are good, and if we n hotel-de-luxe style, we s able.

Our great pride is the O theatre, which is a credit who put time and good wo building of it. It is a first-cl The shows put on are oft have been to worse at hom good money to see them. military band, a theatre or two dance bands; there are a week

It's a hell of a life, darl manage to make a little f is sane until we get back h

## SAVING SHIPP

SALVAGE does more than ping-space. It also s voys with protective v The empty tins, old cop broken brass ornaments and to make the shells, shell-cas for the A.A. and other guns ships carry for defence.

Doubtless you have s damaged hot-water bottles, r bathroom mats or rubber sp These articles may be emb lights and mountings of gu women's rubber boots or jackets. They may in degaussing cables that prote from magnetic mines, or fo the fire-fighting equipmen installation.

You may have given so wool for salvage—and so cotton or linen.

In a ship, the woollen rag become wadding or fuze-clot overcoats to keep the c while cotton and linen will made into wipers for guns from machinery, or charts a navigators and gunners.

## READERS

CUTLERY having disap alarming rate at a B want, a deposit of 2s. 6d. w diners. The leakage of and some of that previou been returned!—Mrs. He Grove, Hull.

★ ★

Last year, people who spent £5,000 more than postages to the Forces. for Forces abroad is 1½d. This also applies to navy address is c/o G.P.O., Lon they are stationed.—F. M wall, Wirral, Cheshire.

★ ★

Reduction of 'bus stop tired war workers have t distances to get a 'bus. half the stops were u

## TROOPS

stones and fetch and carry all the heavy material.

Their pay works out at 3d. or 4d. a day. In the morning they bring their children with them to the job, and during the day the elder ones nurse the babies and wander over the building sites while their mothers are at work.

### AT THE THEATRE

*From a German prisoners-of-war camp F./Sgt. J. Green, who has been a "guest" for the past eighteen months describes the life in a letter to his wife at Heathway, Dagenham, Essex:*

We have done quite a lot to organise a bit of social life in the camp. There are about 4,000 of us, and we live in huts, twelve men to each one. Beds and blankets are good, and if we do not live in hotel-de-luxe style, we are comfortable.

Our great pride is the Ofiadium, our theatre, which is a credit to our men who put time and good work into the building of it. It is a first-class job.

The shows put on are often excellent. I have been to worse at home and paid good money to see them. We have a military band, a theatre orchestra and two dance bands; there are two dances a week

It's a hell of a life, darling, but we manage to make a little fun to keep us sane until we get back home.

## SAVING SHIPPING

SALVAGE does more than save shipping-space. It also supplies convoys with protective weapons.

The empty tins, old copper kettles, broken brass ornaments and so on, help to make the shells, shell-cases and fuzes for the A.A. and other guns which the ships carry for defence.

Doubtless you have given some damaged hot-water bottles, rubber heels, bathroom mats or rubber sponges.

These articles may be embodied in the lights and mountings of guns, and in seamen's rubber boots or life-saving jackets. They may insulate the degaussing cables that protect our ships from magnetic mines, or form part of the fire-fighting equipment or radio installation.

You may have given something of wool for salvage—and something of cotton or linen.

In a ship, the woollen rags will have become wadding or fuze-cloth for guns, or overcoats to keep the crew warm, while cotton and linen will have been made into wipers for guns and engine-room machinery, or charts and maps for navigators and gunners.

# AIR ACES OF THE WAR ON ITALY

***★ Day and night, Sicily and Sardinia are pounded by the R.A.F.'s young veterans who triumphed in the Battle of Britain and smashed the enemy in Africa. Nearly all have grand stories to tell***

WE don't often hear the names of the R.A.F. invaders who, by day and night, are leaving their high-explosive marks on the new battlefield of Italy.

But we should.

For their exploits are not less heroic, daring and cool than the deeds of the famous pilots who have fought all along from the home skies of Britain.

Micky Rook, for example, leads as brilliant a fighter squadron as this war has seen. And what a leader!

He has fought in the battles of five countries — France, Britain, Russia, Africa and Italy.

A genial giant, his six feet two inches are a close fit for the cockpit of the Hurricane in which he leads his crack team of "Fighting Cocks" over Sicily, Sardinia and Southern Italy.

First to down a German in France; first to destroy a hundred (eighty-nine in ten days of the Battle of Britain); first of the Hurricane night fighters—its record is unsurpassed.

### Joined Enemy Formation

**Micky had one of his luckiest days while serving with the R.A.F. fighter Wing in Russia. In one dogfight there, friend and foe got so mixed up that unwittingly he joined a formation of Me.109s.**

**He didn't realise what hostile company he was in till one fired at him. It missed. Turning on it and sending it crashing, he escaped.**

Perhaps he put it down to the "good luck" charm he carries in his pocket on every flight he makes—a bootee that was worn by his infant daughter.

In the North African invasion his squadron was the first to arrive. At midnight it was ordered to the vital Maison Blanche airfield near Algiers.

Its pilots had an anxious as well as a long flight ahead through bad weather—and when they set off no one knew whether the aerodrome had been captured!

Its seizure was just being completed; indeed, firing was still going on from some of the gun-posts when the squadron landed. Micky got them all safely down and was given a D.F.C. for it.

Within a few hours they were up again, protecting convoys off the port, and later flying thousands of hours on sea patrols. No Allied ship among all those they escorted was lost.

Once they left a rough airfield in darkness to give urgent protection, using for the take-off a home-made flarepath of candles stuck on petrol tins on either side of the runway.

Several times their airfields were so water-logged that getting their machines airborne was like taking off in seaplanes.

### Landing Amidst Fire

Micky, now a "vintage" pilot of twenty-seven, was a wine merchant before becoming an airman. He'll know a bottle of *chianti* when he sees one if invasion lands him that way!

Malta's Air Guerillas have some of the best seats in the Battle of Italy.

One of their leaders is torpedo-attacker Wing Commander R. P. M. Gibbs, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, who has taken part in dozens of these assaults against ships in what is probably the most hazardous type of aerial warfare.

He and his stalwarts are now carrying their attacks right into Mussolini's harbours.

Protecting them on most occasions is a fighter escort led by another Malta ace, Wing-Commander D. Ross Shore, D.F.C., A.F.C.

When Gibbs' torpedo-bombers emerge, sometimes sorely crippled for their daring in close attack on their targets, it is Shore's fighters who hug them tight and, fighting rearguard actions, see them home.

**These guerilla fighters and night intruders from the island no bombs could dismay are now taking retribution to Sicily, Sardinia and Southern Italy.**

**They are destroying locomotives at the rate of fifty a month. The brilliant light of the Mediterranean moon, once Malta's nightmare, helps the intruders to dog the trains into their stations in the round-the-clock offensive.**

Another outstanding Mediterranean night fighter is Wing-Commander John Player, a D.F.C. New Zealander who set up a North African record by shooting down three victims in an hour and a half.

Two others are flight-sergeants—twenty-one-year-old Alan Owen, a Londoner, and Victor McAllister, an Irishman from Co. Antrim.

They have been teamed together ever since they left the same O.T.U. At one period they had destroyed a third of their squadron's total bag.

### Taking Retribution

Another of the hardest hitters "Eyetie" airmen can hope to evade belongs to that brilliant band of Battle of Britain sergeant pilots who have since gained commissioned rank.

He is Flight-Lieutenant Ronnie Hamlyn, slight, fair, blue-eyed, with the D.F.M., A.F.C., and an unmistakable Yorkshire accent.

Tank-busters of the Mediterranean front have a model exponent in D. Weston-Burt, a D.S.O. squadron-leader from Southsea.

In one memorable day of Tunisian tank-busting he brought safely home his heavy-cannon Hurricane with the starboard wing almost severed by "ack-ack."

One of his pilots had a still more remarkable escape when a Breda gun

*An armourer unpacks a load of trouble for the Italians. Our pilots would be the first to pass a vote of thanks for the ground staff who have made our air victories possible*

shell exploded inside a petrol tank. There was a blinding flash of flame, but the shell hole was so large that the blazing petrol ran out before it had time to set the plane alight.

The squadron's bag that day was five tanks destroyed, seventeen armoured cars badly hit, ten lorries knocked out, three troop-carrying vehicles destroyed.

Many of these Mediterranean airmen are as hardened as the Eighth Army, with which they "grew up."

### Grim Memory

Two of them with an account to settle are Flight-Lieutenant A. D. Frecker, D.F.C., and Pilot-Officer T. Armstrong.

They've a grim memory of a forced landing in the desert deep in enemy territory when they were on a road-strafing trip and part of the nose of their aircraft was shot away.

Their rations were meagre for the long trek ahead, and the problem wasn't helped by their having as passenger Sergeant "Paddy" Clark.

**Half a tin of "bully" had to suffice the three of them for a main meal.**

**Their water supply soon ran out. Thirst tormented them in the heat of the day. During the freezing-cold nights they huddled together to keep warm, using as scarves and wrapping silk cut from a parachute.**

For six days they tramped before sighting the homeward coast road, but the softer going was not for them. They saw the road being mined by Italians and narrowly evaded capture.

Five days later they had a still closer escape. A German armoured car patrol came within a few paces of them, and they dug themselves into the sand, lying half-buried for hours behind some scrub.

On the sixteenth day another armoured car appeared. It was British.

They were bearded and footsore, thirst-crazy and half-starved, but still game. The driver's astonishment turned to laughter when they showed him the crest they had cut from their aircraft and carefully treasured—a fierce-looking bird wearing a silk hat and mounted on cannon.

Now its retributive wings are on another aeroplane. They are flying it over Italy!

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

CUTLERY having disappeared at an alarming rate at a British Restaurant, a deposit of 2s. 6d. was charged to diners. The leakage of cutlery ceased and some of that previously stolen has been returned!—Mrs. Hepworth, Eldon Grove, Hull.

★ ★ ★

Last year, people who didn't know spent £5,000 more than necessary in postages to the Forces. The letter rate for Forces abroad is 1½d. for two ounces. This also applies to naval men, whose address is c/o G.P.O., London, wherever they are stationed.—F. Marriott, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

★ ★ ★

Reduction of 'bus stops means that tired war workers have to walk longer distances to get a 'bus. Previously only half the stops were used, but now every stop is used, so where is the saving?—"Bus Driver," Swinton, Manchester.

★ ★ ★

Discharged from the Services and not receiving a pension, I am not entitled to the "King's Badge." I work long hours entertaining H.M. Forces, yet I am often told that I should be in the Army. Surely all discharged men should have a badge?—A. L. S., Whaddon, Royston, Herts.

★ ★ ★

At our N.A.A.F.I. they charge a halfpenny per tablet of soap in excess of shop price and that charged at voluntary canteens. When we W.A.A.F.s complained we were told to take our custom elsewhere. Such profiteering which takes advantage of isolated camp life is the limit.—"Disgusted W.A.A.F.".

"A 100 . . is the Official Mark of my Utility Footwear." says:

John White

EVERYONE who knows my *Impregnable* and *Temperaire* Boots and Shoes will agree that the Official Utility mark allotted to them—A100, is well chosen. A1 quality and 100% value describes them exactly. And now they are being made in conformity with the Government Utility specification their quality is as good as ever and their value for money quite exceptional. Look for them locally. If you cannot get them at once they are worth waiting for.

*Impregnable* "Men's Goodyear Welted Shoes in Black & Tan. Leather Soles."

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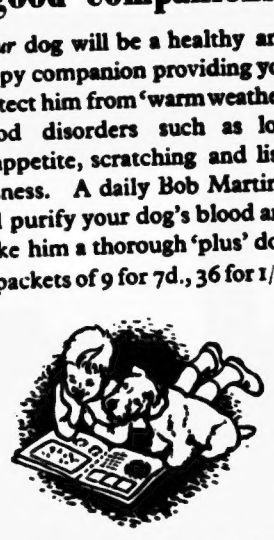
*Your* dog will be a healthy and happy companion providing you protect him from 'warm weather' blood disorders such as loss of appetite, scratching and listlessness. A daily Bob Martin's will purify your dog's blood and make him a thorough 'plus' dog. In packets of 9 for 7d., 36 for 1/11



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**REDI-BILT INTERLININGS**

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR NEXT SUIT

AND KEEP YOUR SUIT IN BETTER SHAPE



**UNTIL THE CURTAIN GOES UP**

ONLY the best ingredients have gone into the making of Harlequin Sponge Puddings. As this standard is temporarily unobtainable, Harlequin waits for happier days before making a reappearance.

**HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS**



**BORWICK'S**
BAKING POWDER
*Makes light of cooking*
The Best in the World


# LAST LAUGH

M A. (Pewsey).—"Farmers may not be doing so badly nowadays, but there is one complaint they often have." Writer's cramp?

Mrs. F. (Gourock).—"My little boy wants to go on the stage as a chocolate-coloured coon." So now you know why he doesn't wash his neck and ears.

M. R. (Radstock).—"To solve the transport problem I am using a machine which travels on compressed air and is amazingly cheap to run." We use a bike nowadays, too.

L. N. (Birkenhead).—"I was surprised, when our twins were born recently, to find they both had most distinct snub noses." You thought permanent turn-ups were prohibited in war time?

F. P. (Swansea).—"What do you think of my poem about the little lambs, full of life, frisking in the fields?" The stuff's as dead as mutton.

N. R. (Tring).—"My son likes nothing better than taking our wireless set to pieces, but he can never put it together again so that it works." Evidently an expert in radio dislocation.

L. M. (Aldershot).—"My private view is that the best soldier among us is he who can keep his mouth shut." So you rule out the sergeant?

H. H. (London).—"I was watching some of our uniformed girls drilling the other day. Believe me, they were more snappy than the men." Haven't they always been more snappy?

T. K. (London).—"One of the 'bus conductors I knew is an air fighter now, but it is hard to visualise him in that rôle." Can't you imagine him bawling as he attacks—Hold tight?

Bill (Bury).—"I saw my girl for the first time as she really is last week." Cosmetic shortage your way?

V. B. (Leicester).—"I often wonder what the dove of peace will bring with it." It's Bill.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"I believe that a man should love his neighbour as himself." See letter below.

Mrs. G. (Glasgow).—"My husband seems struck on the pretty young widow who has recently moved into the house next door." See letter above.

**OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather**

*"We're further on, and goin' faster with the war, in this paper, than you are in your'n. That's why I always reads it"*

## Side-Slips

DAILY HERALD:—". . . and our life so that EMPLOYMENT is wiped out for ever."

DAILY MIRROR:—". . . is now building dual-purpose aircraft carriers and EXPERTS to produce six a month. . . ."

THE SHIELDS EVENING NEWS:—". . . and have no worries about clothes coupons, for they collect sheep wood from the hedges. . . ."

THE STAR: "A 4,000-ton tanker hit on the SAFE day was almost certainly sunk. . . ."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—". . . was sunk WITH 10 miles of Sicily by Malta aircraft."

## GREATEST OF THESE

● "If anyone has the kindness to help me I shall buy bedding, but the price frightens me," writes Mrs. Fox, who has been nursing her husband for many years. He served in the Army 1914-1919, and for the past nine years has been incapable of any work through rheumatoid arthritis and pulmonary tuberculosis. After lengthy treatment in hospital he has been sent home incurable.

They have brought up seven children; the eldest son, twenty-one, is a squadron-leader in the R.A.F. He and two others are married, but there are still four children under fifteen, three of whom are evacuated, and through lack of funds their mother has been unable to visit them for twelve months.

Mrs. Fox is further handicapped by varicose veins, and the difficulty of finding anyone to do anything for her husband. But in spite of all this she is working as joineress in a factory, and practically keeps the home going on her wages.

Will our generous readers send what they can so that this hard-working woman may be able to buy the necessities of life for her invalid husband? Donations, earmarked "Joineress," or for our General Fund, should be posted to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

**1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,375**

**Mrs. C. M. Morris, 3, Camberley Ave., Raynes Park, S.W.20, for this "Bullet":—**

FRONT-PAGE NEWS
DAILY—*TROUBLES* "FLOODING"
GERMANY.

£20: J. H. Norvill, Sutton Bank, West Felton, Oswestry.
Britain's Target—Victory—For Beveridge Too?

£10: W. J. Millar, 26, Larne St., Ballymena, N. Ireland.
Her He-man—Prince—Knight—Sheik—Commando!

£5: W. J. Williams, 69, Burford Ave., Swindon. Britain's Target—"No Enemy Targets Left."

£4: Mrs. E. E. Greenwood, 20, Wheeler Ave., Birmingham.
Quite Unnecessary—"Battering" Tommo—"Pat's" Enough.

£3: A. Boyes, 15, Suffolk Pl., Ogmore Vale, Glam.
Sounds Like A Blitz—Pipe Bagpipes, Tom-tom Bottle!

£2: R. Killoon, 9, Chestnut Grove, Westleigh, Leigh.
Down In Our Village—Everybody Related And Everything!

**OVER £700 TO BE WON** See other next page.

30s.: Cpl. Percy, A., Somewhere in Britain.
Her He-man—"Into The Garden, Maud!"

30s.: G. E. Berridge, 2, Freegrove Rd., Holloway, N.7.
Soon Forgotten—Yet He "Remembered Everybody."

30s.: Mrs. G. Crocker, 23, Ashburton Rd., Newton Abbot.
Red In The Face—Baby, Till Coal Reached!

30s.: W. Athol, 326, Camelon Road, N.
Sounds Like A Sergeant—Even Through His Gas-mask!

30s.: Mrs. E. Langan, 5, Shelley Gr., Southport.
Trap For The Unwary—Where Dad Weeded Path!

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

## CHEQUES FOR 34

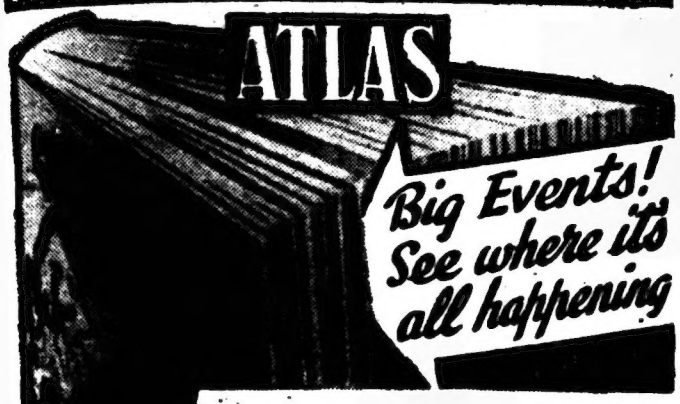
WINNERS IN XWORD 327

WINNING WORDS: 1. Bubble. 2. Tent. 3. Pride. 4. Sting. 5. Crash. 6. Fight. 7. Rust. 8. Chase. 9. Kick. 10. Tor. 11. Slump. 12. Crash. 13. Tidy. 14. Solver.

$100 SHARERS: List of the 34 sharers each receiving cheque for £2 12s. 10d. this week is too long for this column, but will be published in Crossword Gazette dated June 5.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared amongst 168 entrants.

# The NEW ILLUSTRATED ATLAS




64 PAGES OF MAPS IN FULL COLOUR

OVER 50 MAPS & CHARTS IN BLACK & WHITE

48 PAGE GAZETTEER WITH 12 000 PLACE-NAMES

SPECIAL SECTION ON VITAL WORLD PROBLEMS

## Hurry for JOHN BULL'S Great Newly Revised ATLAS

Have you applied for your copy of "THE NEW ILLUSTRATED ATLAS" which "John Bull" offers to readers? If not, you must hurry! The demand is enormous and war time supplies are strictly limited.

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Post the Order-Label below with your remittance TO-DAY.

Tremendous events are taking place all over the world. Never has it been more necessary for everyone to have a good Atlas. Not only will this Atlas enable you to see where everything is happening, but you will be able to judge for yourself the significance of the moves and counter-moves on the world's chessboard—whether they are made in Europe, on the sea or in the jungles of the Far East. Think, too, of the importance of this work to the education of your children!

"THE NEW ILLUSTRATED ATLAS"—newly revised—presents a clear picture of the world to-day and its story—96 pages of maps in FULL COLOUR—Gazetteer containing over 12,000 place names—over 50 specially drawn maps and charts—and a SPECIAL SECTION dealing with VITAL WORLD PROBLEMS which will affect every man, woman, and child after the war.

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*Strike out Edition NOT Required.*

J.A.2. 5/6/43

*If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.*

A.

# Recovering from SCIATICA thanks to Fynnon Salt

*"When I think of all I have suffered,"* writes Mrs. J. G. McD., *"I cannot praise Fynnon Salt enough. I have been a sufferer from sciatica and hardly able to walk about. I tried almost everything without result. I saw the Fynnon advertisement in the papers, and as a last resort I thought I would try Fynnon Salt. I am now on the second tin, and thanks to the same, I am well on the way to recovery."*

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the blood-stream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and sciatica. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax. Get yourself a tin today!*

*Take* **Fynnon Salt** *if you suffer from* Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Neuritis or Sciatica

Fynnon, Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex 514

# £500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

ENTER on COUPON BELOW

Xword No. 327 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

| CLUES Answer every clue by ordering letter in entry Column. | 5P Entry-fee for 1 Col. | | | 5P | 5P | 5P |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 THERE ARE TIMES WHEN SATURDAY HAS TO WATCH THIS | | | LOCK | | | |
| 2 YOU'LL DO THIS BETTER IF YOU'VE FAIR KNOWLEDGE OF COUNTRY AROUND | 6 | | IDE | | | |
| 3 BEAUTY REPRESENTATIVES HAVE CAUSED MANY A STATESMAN TO | T | | PPLE | | | |
| 4 DISABLED NATIVE IS SCARED OF SURFACE REACT THAT HAS BEEN CUT UP | | | OOD | | | |
| 5 EXPERIENCE OF THIS MAKES A MAN BITTER | GA | | L | | | |
| 6 IS APT TO GET VERY WINDY AT TIMES | | | ULLY | | | |
| 7 IS OFTEN CHEWED OVER AGAIN | C | | D | | | |
| 8 EVEN IF ONE'S BADLY CROPPED IT'S USUALLY WELL WORTH KEEPING | MU | | | | | |
| 9 PERFORMING ANIMALS MUST TAKE A LOT OF | T | | MING | | | |
| 10 THESE DAYS, TO-DAY HOME CHOSELY TRIED YOU MIGHT THINK | MI | | LAS | | | |
| 11 DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS SHOULD TELL HIM WHAT IS THE OF YOUR TROUBLE | | C | RE | | | |
| 12 TRESPASSER CAN EXPECT LITTLE SYM-PATHY IF HIS ACTIONS LEAD TO | FI | | E | | | |
| 13 IT ISN'T ALWAYS POSSIBLE TO SEE AFTER ONE, PROPERLY | | | LASS | | | |
| 14 IT'S UNFORTUNATE WHEN ONE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH TOO MUCH OF THIS | CA | | E | | | |

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated June 26.

P.O. Value..... EXTRA DAY TO WIN
No. ..... CLOSING POSTMARK TUESDAY, JUNE 15
Signed .....
Address .....
331

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

**RULES** 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being clearness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £200, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

# PRIZES £200 BULLETS 2 3 4 WORDS!

£50 1st PRIZE THEN £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES 1000 MERIT AWARDS

## USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Extra day to win this week—closing postmark, Tuesday, June 15.

FOR BRITAIN
PIPE OF PEACE
DANGER TO DEMOCRACY
NOT ACCORDING TO PLAN
ARMY OF LIBERATION
ALL WE NEED
WHEN THE FIGHT'S OVER
SOCIAL SECURITY
A MIRACLE HAPPENED AND
SHABBY CLOTHES

BULLETS 1,375 RESULT appears on page 14.

LEFT IN THE LURCH
ANYONE WOULD THINK THAT
HOW HE ESCAPED
BOLTED AND BARRED
A SURPRISE PACKET
HUNGRY
TALE OF WOE
THANKS TO OUR COUNCIL
AS ONE MAN
WHEN DAD TRIED COOKING

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

ABSENT FROM THE.....
OUR WAY OF.....
BEGGING FOR .....
FALLS ON.....
IN SIGHT OF.....
ALL EXCEPT.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 26.

P.O. Value.....
No. ..... Closing Postmark, 1,379 Tuesday, June 15
Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,379 or Xword No. 331, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

# FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specially prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly*. This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate, after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

**KOLYNOS** DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

# To Keep Your Skin Clear and Healthy

Use Cuticura, the MEDICINAL and TOILET soap. Its marvellously refining, antiseptic lather clears away blemishes and gives you a beautifully clear complexion, radiant with health.

**Cuticura SOAP**

# FOR THESE Skin Troubles I prescribe VALDERMA says doctor

SPOTS
PIMPLES
IMPETIGO
BARBER'S RASH
ECZEMA
BOILS
CUTS
ITCHING

Latest discovery. New, white, non-greasy antiseptic balm. Proved by bacteriological tests *ten times* as effective in killing germs as carbolic ointment. Prescribed by leading Skin Specialists. Supersedes old-fashioned, greasy, smelly ointments. Heals — makes skin clear and healthy in few days. "In a very troublesome case nothing has done as much good as Valderma. I shall certainly recommend it" ..... M.D.

At Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and best chemists 2/- (including tax) or send postal order 2/- for full size jar, Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 56V), 25/27, Berners Street, London, W.1.

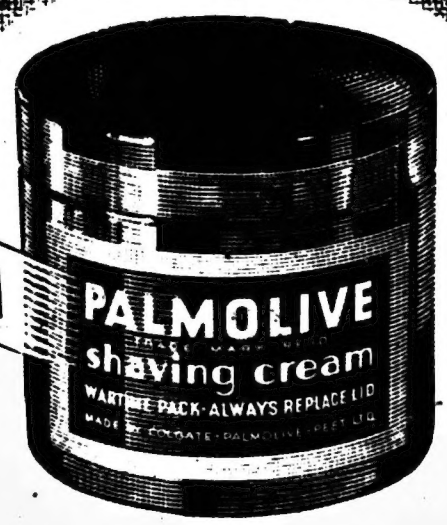
**VALDERMA** ANTISEPTIC BALM

Because it's just pure matured tobacco without artificial scent or flavouring. Six different blends, all medium strength. You'll find YOUR favourite among them.

# FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

## NO QUARTER FOR WHISKERS FROM




Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles — which last at least ten minutes — keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES: 1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax*

# 3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory

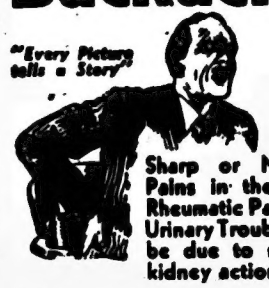
**1 EASY TO USE**
To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

**2 THOROUGH**
Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary — the part you *don't* see as well.

**3 DISINFECTS AS WELL**
Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

# HARPIC

## Why put up with Backache




Sharp or Nagging Pains in the Back, Rheumatic Pains and Urinary Troubles may be due to sluggish kidney action.

KIDNEY AILMENTS often follow a cold, a chill a spell of overwork and worry, since at such times the kidneys may become overburdened and act sluggishly. Perhaps you feel tired, miserable and depressed — back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. Possibly your trouble may be lumbago, rheumatic pains, urinary and bladder disorders, gravel or disturbed sleep.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This well-known medicine stimulates and flushes out the kidneys, so helping them to filter away the excess uric acid and other impurities which have been causing your distress. Doan's Pills have helped thousands. Let them help you!

1/3, 2/3 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

# DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

## A FATIGUE THEY'D LIKE TO DO EVERY DAY

| COMPARE THE ENERGY VALUES! | CALORIES (for energy) |
|---|---|
| 1 glass of Milk | 169 |
| 1 Egg | 70 |
| 1 slice of Bread | 100 |
| 1 Lamb Chop | 178 |
| 1 MARS | 215 |

When you're as fighting fit as the men in the Services you need the kind of energy Mars gives you. As the chart shows, Mars is packed with more energy than lots of other good things. It's made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish. And you can make its delicious goodness last a long time — by cutting each bar into slices.

# HERCULES CYCLES

are being used by the Army, the Royal Air Force and war-workers in every sphere!

The famous Black Watch Regiment on parade with their Hercules Bicycles.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham

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# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1930

## Don't lo... sto...

*made of pr...*

The screw stoppers of B... of precious rubber. Once ... please be careful when you... Cider, and the bottle is ... screwed firmly back in pla... is by a prompt return of...

## Bull... Cid...

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HER...